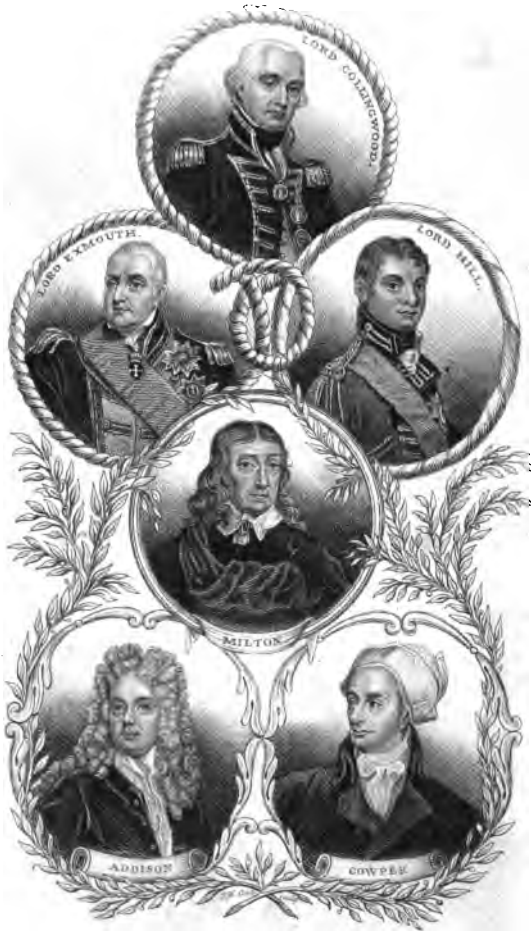
SHORT MEMOIRS
OF
EMINENT MEN.



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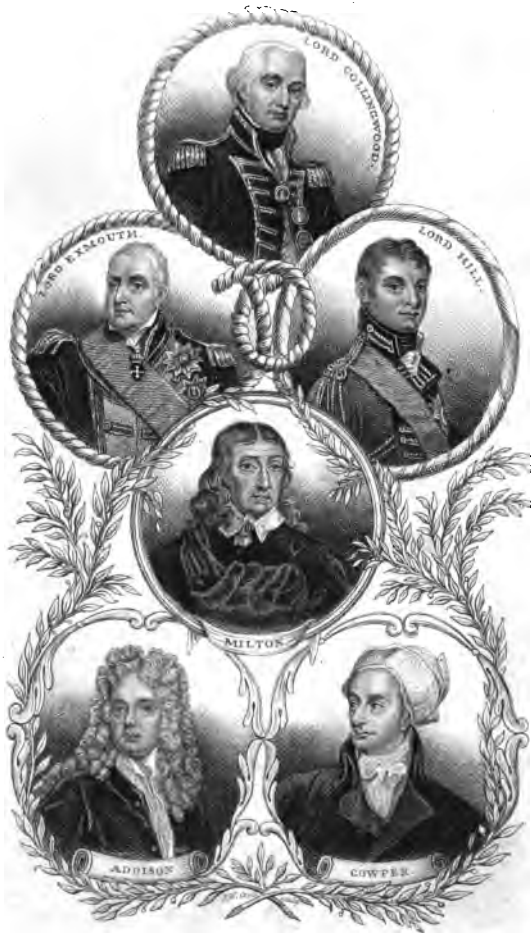

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OF

EMINENT MEN.

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SHORT MEMOIRS

OF

EMINENT MEN.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Among the many distinguished characters whose actions are chronicled in the Annals of our Naval History, there are none more eminent, none whose virtues and talents have shed a more brilliant lustre on their country, than Admiral Lord Collingwood.

His ancestors are said to have been celebrated for the active part they took in the border wars; and to have suffered greatly, at different times, from the indulgence of their martial spirit. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one of them was, with other knights and nobles, taken prisoner by the Scotch, and his great-grandfather and namesake, Cuthbert Collingwood, took up arms in the cause of Charles the First, which was the means of

his losing large estates in the county of Durham; and, in later times, George Collingwood, at that period the head of the family, actuated by the same devotion to the house of Stuart, engaged in the Rebellion of 1715, and being taken prisoner, was put to death, and his lands forfeited to the crown. From these and other circumstances, by which the remaining possessions of the family had passed to a younger branch, the father of the subject of this memoir inherited but a very moderate fortune.

Cuthbert Collingwood, the eldest son, was born on the 26th of September, 1750, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; and was sent to a school in that town, under the superintendence of the Rev. Hugh Moises. Here he met, among other boys, natives of the same place, Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon, who afterwards spoke of remembering Collingwood as a pretty and gentle boy.

When only eleven years old he entered the royal navy, under the care of his cousin, Captain (afterwards Admiral) Brathwaite. He used to relate that when he first went to sea, he was overcome with grief at the separation from his home and friends; and that as he was sitting weeping and unnoticed, the first-lieutenant observed him, pitied his sorrow, and, interested by his extreme youth, spoke to him in terms of great kindness and encouragement. "This so won my heart," says our midshipman, "that, taking the good-natured officer to my box, I offered him a large piece of plumcake which my mother had given me, as a token of my gratitude."

He continued, for many years, with Captain

Brathwaite, to whom he expresses himself as being under great obligations, both for his kind protection and care, and also for the pains he took to improve him in nautical knowledge. He afterwards served under Admiral Roddam, then with Admiral Graves, who made him a lieutenant on the day of the battle at Bunker's Hill, where he, with a party of seamen, was engaged in supplying the army with various necessaries. In 1776, he went to Jamaica, as lieutenant of the sloop Hornet, and, soon after, the Lowestoffe, of which Lord Nelson was at that time lieutenant, came to the same station where he was. With this great man Collingwood had long been on terms of intimate friendship; and it happened here, that Admiral Parker, the Commander-in-chief, being a friend of both these young men, whenever Nelson gained a step in rank, Collingwood succeeded him, first in the Lowestoffe, then in the Badger, of which ship he became Commander; and afterwards in the Hinchinbroke, a twenty-eight-gun frigate, which made them both Post-captains. This last vessel was, in the spring of 1780, employed in an expedition undertaken with the view of passing from the Caribbean Sea into the Pacific Ocean, by a navigation of boats along the river San Juan, and the lakes Nicaragua and Leon. The plan was formed without adequate geographical knowledge, for its projectors seem to have been ignorant that many miles of land intervened betwixt Lake Leon and the Pacific. Even at the very outset of their enterprise, the adventurers encountered difficulties which all their skill and perseverance were not able to surmount. The rapidity of the current

made it dangerous to proceed on the river; besides, its numerous falls over rocks interrupted the navigation. The climate was so dreadfully unhealthy, that even the strongest constitution could not resist its effects. At San Juan, Collingwood took the place of Lord Nelson, who was promoted to a larger ship. The latter officer, however, although his stay in the country had been very short, caught a fever, which obliged him, as the only chance of recovery, to leave his ship and return to England. In the space of four months, the climate had proved fatal to a hundred and eighty out of the two hundred men, composing the crew of the Hinchinbroke. Nor was this a singular case, for every ship remaining any length of time at San Juan, suffered similarly.

The transport's men all died, and some of the vessels, owing to no single soul being left alive to take care of them, sunk in the harbour. But transport ships were not wanted, for the gallant troops they had brought were no more, having fallen, not by the weapons of an enemy, but by this baneful and fatal climate.

Captain Collingwood himself fortunately survived, although he was many times attacked by the fever that had carried off his brave companions. He was at length relieved, in August, 1780, and in December, appointed to the command of the Pelican, a twenty-four-gun frigate.

In the autumn of the year following, this vessel was wrecked during the night, by a violent hurricane, on the dangerous rocks off the coast of Jamaica, called Morant Keys.

With great difficulty the crew managed to reach the shore, on rafts made of small pieces of broken masts; and on these barren and inhospitable islands Collingwood and his companions remained with very little food, for ten days, when a boat, sent by them to Jamaica, brought the Diamond frigate to their rescue.

He next commanded the Sampson, of sixty-four guns, in which he met with no particular adventures. At the peace in 1783, this vessel being paid off, her Captain was appointed to the Mediator, and went to the West Indies, where he again had the pleasure of meeting his friend Nelson, then commanding the Boreas. Here he remained three years, and with his brother, Captain Wilfred Collingwood, was actively occupied in assisting Captain Nelson to suppress the illicit traffic of the citizens of the United States, who would persist in trading to the West Indian Colonies, although, owing to their separation from England, they had no right to a privilege exclusively granted to British merchants. It was accordingly the employment of these three officers to seize all the vessels thus engaged; which they did, in spite of the vigorous opposition made by the English planters, who found it greatly for their interest that the United States should continue to trade with them. Nelson was afterwards much harassed by arrests, and suits at law, for the part that he took in maintaining the rights of his country.

The premature death of his brother, about this time, cast a gloom over the mind of Collingwood. This melancholy event was communicated to him by Nelson, in very feeling terms. Besides giving

an account of his brother's ilness, which was a rapid decline, and that he (Nelson) had by the recommendation of a physician sent him to sea, as the only chance of saving his life, he says—

"I have lost my friend—you, an affectionate brother; too great zeal in serving his country, hastened his end. The greatest consolation the survivor can receive, is a thorouhg knowledge of a life spent with honour to himself, and of service to his country. If the tribute of tears be valuable, my friend has it. The esteem he stood in with His Royal Highness (the Duke of Clarence), was great. His letter to me on his death, is the strongest testimony of it. I send you an extract: 'Collingwood, poor fellow, is no more. I have cried for him: and most sincerely do I condole with you on his loss. His Majesty has lost a faithful servant, and the service a most excellent officer.' A testimony of regard, so honourable," adds Nelson, "is more to be coveted, than anything this world could have afforded, and must be a balm to his surviving friends."

Captain Collingwood was in Northumberland at the time of his brother's death, and remained there four years with his family, to whom, since his childhood, he had been, as far as regarded personal intercourse, a stranger.

In 1790, an armament was prepared against Spain, and he was appointed to the command of the Mermaid, and went to the West Indies with Admiral Cornish; but affairs with Spain and Russia having been amicably adjusted, he saw no prospect of employment, and returned into the North.

He soon afterwards married the daughter of a gentleman of good family, at Newcastle, Miss Sarah Blackett, an amiable young lady, to whom, all his life, he continued most warmly attached, and by whom he had two daughters. Captain Collingwood now considered that he had concluded his active service, and was comfortably settled in his native country for the remainder of his life; but he soon found his mistake, for when he had only enjoyed domestic happiness for eighteen months, the French war broke out, and he was appointed to the Prince, Rear-Admiral Bowyer's flag-ship, and served with him, until that officer was wounded in the engagement, on the first of June, 1793, off the coast of Brest. This action Lord Collingwood speaks of, in a letter to his father-in-law, as "the severest that had taken place in his time, or perhaps ever." Notwithstanding that the French had a great superiority in ships, men, and guns, Lord Howe gained a complete victory.

It is much to be regretted that, although on this memorable day Collingwood greatly distinguished himself by his brave and spirited conduct, his services were not noticed by Lord Howe, while others were mentioned with praise; and it was not until four years after, that he received one of the medals given in honour of this glorious victory. Much surprise and disgust was created in the fleet by this act of injustice; and Captain Packenham, who had commanded the Invincible, used to say, "If Collingwood has not deserved a medal, neither have I; for we were together the whole day."

After commanding for a short time the Barfleur, and then the Hector, Collingwood went in the Excellent to the Mediterranean, and cruized about most of the summer, watching the movements of the French vessels, which he calls "very dull work," and adds, "They cannot move a ship without our seeing them, which must be very mortifying to them; but we have the mortification also to see their merchant-vessels going along shore, and cannot molest them. It is not a service on which we shall get fat; and often do I wish we had some of those bad potatoes which old Scott and William used to throw over the wall of the garden, for we feel the want of vegetables more than anything." In the winter of 1796, the fleet under the command of Sir John Jervis, of which Collingwood's vessel formed a part, was placed in a very perilous situation. After the evacuation of Corsica, the English had no port left except Porto Ferraio, which was a most dangerous place for them to take refuge in; as, had they been blockaded there, their destruction would have been inevitable. For a fortnight after the island was in the possession of the French, they waited in the bay of San Fiorenzo, with the utmost impatience, for the arrival of Admiral Mann and his squadron, whose junction then appeared to be absolutely necessary for their safety; but who, to their great vexation, did not appear, having, as they afterwards learned, gone off to England. The Spanish fleet, nearly double in number to the British, was cruizing at no great distance, and as the enemy began to annoy them from the shore, they sailed for Gibraltar, which place, two or three gales of wind having fortunately

sickened and dispersed the Spaniards, they reached without molestation.

Collingwood also distinguished himself in the brilliant engagement off Cape St. Vincent, the 14th of February, 1797. He says, in a letter to his wife, "It was indeed a glorious day; and it seldom falls to the lot of man to share in such a triumph."

This victory, which gave the title of Earl St. Vincent to Sir John Jervis, the Commander-in-chief, was rendered more illustrious from the great disparity of the combatants; the English force amounting only to fifteen sail of the line and four frigates, while the Spanish fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and ten or twelve frigates.

In the same letter, alluding to the immense size of the balls used by the Spaniards, he says, "I have got a double-headed shot fired from the Santissima Trinidada, which I intend as a present to your father, to put among his curiosities. It weighs fifty pounds. These are no jokes when they fly about one's head."

Collingwood's behaviour was the praise and admiration of the whole fleet. He is one of the few specially named by Lord St. Vincent in his private letter to Lord Spencer, as having "contributed very much to the fortune of the day."

Nelson speaks highly of his conduct in this engagement, and thus writes to him on the subject:—

"My dearest Friend,—'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' and never more truly testified than by your most noble and gallant conduct yesterday,

in sparing the Captain (Nelson's ship) from further loss; and I beg, both as a public officer and a friend, you will accept my most sincere thanks. I have not failed, in my letter to the Admiral, to represent the eminent services of the Excellent. * * * * * * We shall meet at Lagos, but I could not come near you without assuring you how sensible I am of your assistance, in nearly a critical situation.

"Believe me, as ever

"Your most affectionate,

"HORATIO NELSON."

When Lord St. Vincent informed Collingwood that he was to be presented with one of the medals given on this occasion, he firmly, though respectfully replied, that he could not consent to receive any medal, while that of the first of June was withheld. "I feel," said he, "that I was then improperly passed over; and to receive such a distinction *now*, would be to acknowledge the propriety of that injustice." Upon which Lord St. Vincent rejoined, "This is precisely the answer that I expected from you, Captain Collingwood."

Lord Spencer, then first Lord of the Admiralty, afterwards forwarded both medals to him, by order (as Collingwood supposed) of George the Third, with an apology for not having sent the former medal sooner.

About this period, a spirit of mutiny prevailed very extensively in the navy, which Collingwood chiefly attributed to "the great number of miscreants of all descriptions," who formed so large a portion of every ship's crew. Lord St. Vincent

happily repressed this spirit, and Collingwood was such an able assistant, and entered so readily into the prompt and decisive measures then adopted, that Lord St. Vincent frequently drafted the most rebellious of the men into the Excellent, saying, "Send them to Collingwood; he will bring them to order."

After passing another summer in cruizing off Cadiz, Collingwood was able to visit his family and home, to which, during all the bustle and turmoil of his adventurous life, his thoughts had constantly turned with the fondest affection; but his interval of repose was short, for in a few weeks, he was again summoned to active duty. Being raised to the rank of Rear-Admiral, he hoisted his flag in the Triumph frigate, and immediately joined the fleet in the Channel. At Plymouth he was detained nearly two months, fitting out his ships for sea. Owing to the fatigue of this laborious occupation, and the vexation he felt at being still close to the country where his beloved wife and children lived, and yet not able to enjoy their company, he became ill and low-spirited. His wife finding his stay unexpectedly prolonged, hastened to him; but what was his disappointment, when, in the midst of his joyful anticipations of this meeting, he suddenly and unexpectedly received orders to sail immediately with such ships as were ready!

In a kind letter of condolence, which Nelson wrote to him upon this occasion, he says,—

"I truly feel for you, and as much for dear Mrs. Collingwood. How sorry I am! * * * * * * * * * * Can't you contrive to stay to-night?

It will be a comfort to see your family, if only for one hour. Therefore had you not better stay on shore, and wait for her? * * * * * If they would have manned me and sent me off, it would have been real pleasure to me! How cross are the fates!"

Although his wife only arrived the evening of the day before he sailed, Collingwood appears to have derived very great happiness from the glimpse he had of her, and his eldest child. He says, "It was a blessing to me, and composed my mind, which was before very much agitated. I have little chance of seeing her again, unless a storm should drive us into port, for the French fleet is in a state of preparation, which makes it necessary for us to watch them narrowly."

The short peace of 1802 gave him an opportunity, as unlooked for as it was delightful, of revisiting his dear Northumberland. He now, for a short period, enjoyed rest and retirement in the midst of his family at Morpeth; occupied in superintending the education of his daughters, and in his favourite pursuits of reading, writing, drawing, and cultivating his garden, which was situated on the banks of the beautiful river Wansbeck. But while he was thus fully realizing the hopes of felicity he had so long entertained, hostilities with France recommenced, and he once more quitted his home, to which, alas! he was doomed never again to return.

In the early part of May, 1803, he was sent in the Venerable, to join the British squadron at Brest, under Admiral Cornwallis. At this period he seems voluntarily to have suffered great hard-

ships, in his zealous devotion to the duties of his profession. His own account is, "I am lying off the entrance of Brest Harbour, to watch the motions of the French fleet. Our information respecting them is very vague, but we know they have four or five and twenty great ships, which makes it necessary to be alert, and keep our eyes open at all times. I therefore bid adieu to snug beds and comfortable naps at night, never lying down but in my clothes." Frequently would he pass the whole night on the quarter-deck, and this practice he continued to observe ever after when he considered great caution and vigilance requisite.

On the sailing of the French fleet from Toulon, Collingwood, with a small squadron, was ordered to go in pursuit of the enemy, and act as his own discretion should dictate. He thought it best to take his station off Cadiz, and sent two of his fastest sailing ships to assist his friend Nelson. Although he displayed great skill and judgment in the management of his three remaining vessels, he was of course unable, with such a limited force, to prevent the French and Spanish fleets from joining. When reinforced, some time afterwards, he strictly blockaded all the small ports between Cape St. Mary and Algeziras; to which measure may be attributed the ultimate sailing of the combined squadrons, as they were consequently unable to obtain provisions from the shore.

Before the battle of Trafalgar, the next important event with which Admiral Collingwood's history is connected, he took great pains to exerercise the crew of the Dreadnought in firing great guns; and from constant practice they

attained such a high degree of excellence, that few ship's companies could equal them in precision and quickness of firing. They were able to fire three well-directed broadsides in three minutes and a half.

About ten days before the action, he shifted his flag from the Dreadnought to the Royal Sovereign. In making this exchange, although he gained the advantage of a faster sailing ship, it could hardly be said to compensate for the loss of so well disciplined a crew.

On the morning of the engagement he dressed himself with particular care, and then proceeded to the decks, animating and encouraging his men to the discharge of their duty; and addressing the officers, said, "Now, gentlemen, let us do something to-day which the world may talk of hereafter."

The Royal Sovereign was the first ship to break the enemy's line, and commence the battle.

When Nelson saw Collingwood, with the Royal Sovereign, making his way alone into the midst of the hostile fleets, he exclaimed, "See how that gallant fellow, Collingwood, takes his ship into action! How I envy him!" Collingwood, on the other hand, well acquainted with the feelings of his noble friend, observed, as he hastened to the contest about to end so gloriously for our country, "What would Nelson give to be here!"

Without entering into a minute detail of this celebrated engagement, we will only say that upon the much-lamented death of Nelson, Admiral Collingwood, as next in rank, took the command. The skill and bravery he manifested on this occasion, would have been alone sufficient to establish him as one of our most distinguished Naval Heroes.

He was much affected by the death of Nelson, with whom, for more than thirty years, he had maintained an intimate and unbroken friendship.

For his services at Trafalgar, he received the thanks of his Sovereign in a letter from the King's Private Secretary, as well as those of both Houses of Parliament, with a peerage, and a pension of 2000*l.* for life, which, after his death, was to be divided between Lady Collingwood and his two daughters.

Thus raised to wealth and rank, with addresses and flattering congratulations pouring in from all quarters, Lord Collingwood appears not to have been unduly elated at his good fortune, but to have continued as modest, unassuming, and unostentatious, as he had been in the earlier part of his career.

Being made Commander-in-chief of the Mediterranean station, he continued at sea for nearly five years longer, in the discharge of the arduous and toilsome duties of his post. Among these, the voluminous correspondence he maintained with the various authorities, Christian and Mahometan, on the shores of the Mediterranean; with the Austrian, Spanish, Neapolitan, Sardinian, and Turkish ambassadors, generals, and consuls, the Secretary of State, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the officers of his fleet, was not the least fatiguing. When to this is added the constant anxiety to prevent the escape of the French and Spanish fleets assembled in the various ports between Cadiz and Leghorn, no one will be surprised that his constitution, strong as it was, gradually gave way, that his mind was worn with

over-exertion, and his faculties weakened by incessant application.

The escape of Admiral Gantheame, who, with the French fleet, eluded his vigilance, by creeping along the coast of Africa, to Toulon, while Collingwood was watching Sicily, (the capture of which island was considered, by all, to be the real object of the enemy's expedition,) caused him severe disappointment, and, preying upon his health, contributed to shorten his days.

Lady Collingwood seems to have been the first to remark, from a portrait sent to her, the alteration that a few years had made in his appearance.

In answer, he writes to her thus:—

"The painter was reckoned the most eminent in Sicily; but you expected to find me a smooth-skinned, clear complexioned gentleman, such as I was before I left home, dressed in the newest taste. and like the fine people who live gay lives ashore. Alas! it is far otherwise with me. The painter represented me as I am; not as I once was. It is time and toil that have worked the change, and not his want of skill. That the countenance is stern, will not be wondered at, when it is considered how many sad and anxious hours, and how many heartaches I have. I shall be very glad when the war is over."

A month afterwards, he says—

"I have received your letter on my portrait; but I think, when you see the original poor creature, you will be reconciled to the picture. I have laboured past my strength. I have told Lord Mulgrave so, and I hope they will think of relieving me, that I may come and enjoy the comforts

of my own blessed family again, and get out of the bustle of the world, and of affairs which are too weighty for me. God bless me! how rejoiced will my poor heart be when I see you all again."

Soon after this, he strongly represented to the Admiralty how much his health was impaired and his strength decayed, and attributed it to the long time he had been at sea, without intermission, requesting, therefore, to be released from a situation, the high and responsible duties of which he could no longer perform to his own satisfaction. In reply, Lord Mulgrave, then First Lord of the Admiralty, wrote—

"It is a justice, which I owe to you and to the country, to tell you candidly that I know not how I should be able to supply all that would be lost to the service of the country, and to the general interests of Europe, by your absence from the Mediterranean."

In writing to his wife, shortly afterwards, Lord Collingwood says,—

"The impression which Lord Mulgrave's letter made upon me was one of grief and sorrow; first, that with such a list as we have, there should be thought to be any difficulty in finding a successor of superior ability to me; and next, that there should be any obstacle in the way of the only comfort and happiness I have to look forward to in this world." He presently adds, "But, if I must go on, I will do the best I can."

The next despatch, of the third of July, 1809, acquainted him, that His Majesty had been graciously pleased to appoint him Major-General of Marines. This seems to have afforded him the

highest gratification, and to have somewhat revived his spirits: but it was evident to all who saw him, that he was sinking fast. "My eyes," he says, "are very feeble, and my legs and feet swell so much every day, that it is pretty clear they will not last long."

At length he became so ill, as to be scarcely able to walk across the cabin, yet so rigorous was his compliance with the discipline he had always enforced, that he was extremely unwilling to quit his post, without receiving a direct permission to do so.

To all the arguments and repeated solicitations of his friends he replied, that his life was his country's, in whatever way it might be required of him.

Being strongly advised to try gentle exercise on horseback, he anchored in the harbour of Port Mahon, at the Island of Minorca, and went on shore, accompanied by Captain (afterwards Admiral) Hallowell, who had left his ship to attend him in his illness; but our gallant Commander was now past deriving benefit from any remedies.

He grew rapidly worse, and unable to bear the slightest fatigue; and being assured that his life depended on his returning to his native country, he was compelled, most reluctantly, to resign his command to Rear-Admiral Martin, on the third of March, 1810.

For two days following, the wind would not admit of his ship, the Ville de Paris, being got out of Port Mahon; on the third, she succeeded in clearing the harbour, and set sail for England.

Once more at sea, Collingwood rallied his ex-

hausted powers, and said to those around him, "Then I may yet live to meet the French once again!" But it was only for a short time. On the morning of the seventh, his friend, Captain Thomas, entered his cabin, as usual, and observing there was a considerable swell, said, that he feared the motion of the vessel disturbed him.

"No, Thomas," was Collingwood's reply; "I am now in a state, in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

Although dying far away from the beloved country he had so ardently sighed to behold again, he manisfested, in his last hours, the greatest patience and calmness, and the most perfect resignation to the will of God.

He spoke, at times, of his absent family, and of the doubtful contest in which he left England involved; and said that he had endeavoured, while on his sick bed, to review, as far as was possible, all the actions of his past life.

He took an affectionate farewell of his attendants, and at six o'clock in the evening, expired without a struggle.

The following interesting account of his death is given by an eye-witness:—

"In no part of his lordship's brilliant life did his character appear with greater lustre, than when he was approaching his end. It was dignified in the extreme. If it be on the bed of sickness and at the approach of death, when ambition, the love of glory, and the interests of the world are

over, that the true character is to be discovered, surely never did any man's appear to greater advantage than did that of Lord Collingwood. For my own part, I did not believe it possible that any one, on such an occasion, could have behaved so nobly. Cruelly harassed by a most afflicting disease, obtaining no relief from the means employed, and perceiving his death to be inevitable, he suffered no sigh of regret to escape, no murmuring at his past life, no apprehension of the future. He met death as became him, with a composure and fortitude which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed."

A monument was erected to Lord Collingwood, by a vote of Parliament, in St. Paul's Cathedral, where his remains were interred. There is also a cenotaph to his memory, in his native town of Newcastle.

His letters to his family evince the deepest and most touching solicitude for the welfare of his wife and children. They are so interesting and well written, and many of them contain such excellent advice to all young people, that we cannot refrain from giving a few extracts.

Writing to Lady Collingwood, he says, "My daughters' education, and the proper cultivation of the sense which God has given them, are the objects on which my happiness most depends."

And addressing them, he writes—

"I received both your kind letters, and am much obliged for your congratulations on my being appointed Major-General of Marines. The King is ever good and gracious to me, and I dare say you both feel gratitude to His Majesty, for

the many instances of his favour, which he has bestowed on me, and, through me, on you. Endeavour, my beloved girls, to make yourselves worthy of them, by cultivating your natural understandings with care. Seek knowledge with assiduity, and regard the instructions of Mrs. Moss, when she explains to you what those qualities are which constitute an amiable and honourable woman. God Almighty has impressed on every breast a certain knowledge of right and wrong, which we call conscience. No person ever did a kind, a benevolent, a humane, or charitable action, without feeling a consciousness that it was good; it creates a pleasure in the mind that nothing else can produce, and this pleasure is the greater, from the act which causes it being veiled from the eye of the world. It is the delight, such as angels feel, when they wipe away the tear from affliction, or warm the heart with joy. On the other hand, no person ever said, or did an ill-natured, an unkind, or mischievous thing, who did not, in the very instant, feel that he had done wrong. This kind of feeling is a natural monitor, and never will deceive, if due regard be paid to it; and one good rule, which you should ever bear in mind, is, never to say anything which you may afterwards wish unsaid, or do what you may afterwards wish undone.

"The education of a lady, and, indeed, of a gentleman, too, may be divided into three parts, all of great importance to their happiness, but in different degrees. The first part is the cultivation of the mind, that they may have a knowledge of right and wrong, and acquire habits of doing acts

of virtue and honour. By reading history you will perceive the high estimation in which the memories of good and virtuous people are held, the contempt and disgust which are affixed to the base, whatever may have been their rank in life. The second part of education is to acquire a competent knowledge how to manage your affairs, whatever they may happen to be; to know how to direct the economy of your house; and to keep exact accounts of everything which concerns you. Whoever cannot do this, must be dependent on somebody else; and those who are dependent on another cannot be perfectly at their ease. I hope you are both very skilful in arithmetic, which, independently of its great use to everybody, in every condition of life, is one of the most curious and entertaining sciences that can be conceived. The characters which are used, the 1, 2, 3, &c. are of Arabian origin; and that by the help of them, by adding them, by subtracting or dividing them, we should come, at last, to results so far beyond the comprehension of the human mind without them, is so wonderful, that I am persuaded that if they were of no real use, they would be exercised for mere amusement. The third part, is, perhaps, not less in value than the others. It is how to practise those manners and that address, which will recommend you to the respect of strangers. Boldness and forwardness are exceedingly disgusting, and such people are generally more disliked the more they are known; but, at the same time, shyness and bashfulness, and the shrinking from conversation with those with whom you ought to associate, are repulsive and unbecoming."

He adds, "There are many hours in every person's life, which are not spent in any thing important—but it is necessary that they should not be passed idly. Those little accomplishments, as music and dancing, are intended to fill up the hours of leisure, which would otherwise be heavy on you."

In a letter written to his eldest daughter, a year before his death, he says,—

"Never forget, for one moment, that you are a gentlewoman; and all your words, and all your actions, should mark you gentle. I never knew your mother, your dear, your good mother, say a harsh or a hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavour to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; my sensibility is touched—touched sometimes with a trifle, and my expression of it sudden as gunpowder; but, my darling, it is a misfortune, which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me much pain. It has, indeed, given me more trouble to subdue this natural impetuosity, than anything I ever undertook. I believe that you are both mild; but if ever you feel in your little breasts, that you inherit a particle of your father's infirmity, restrain it, and quit the subject that has caused it, until your serenity be recovered."

The advice he gives to the same daughter, upon epistolary correspondence, is well worthy the attention of every young person.

"When you write a letter, give it your greatest care, that it may be as perfect in all its parts, as you can make it. Let the subject be sense, expressed in the most plain, intelligible, and

elegant manner that you are capable of. If in a familiar epistle, you should be playful and jocular; guard carefully that your wit be not sharp, so as to give pain to any person; and before you write a sentence examine it, even the words of which it is composed, that there be nothing vulgar or inelegant in them. Remember, my dear, that your letter is a picture of your brains; and those whose brains are a compound of folly, nonsense, and impertinence, are to blame to exhibit them to the contempt of the world, or the pity of their friends. To write a letter with negligence, without proper stops, and with great flourishing dashes, is inelegant; it argues either great ignorance of what is proper, or great indifference towards the person to whom it is addressed, and is consequently disrespectful. It makes no amends to add an apology, for having scrawled a sheet of paper, of bad pens, for you should mend them; or want of time, for nothing is more important to you, or to which your time can more properly be devoted.

"I think I can know the character of a young lady, pretty well, by her handwriting. The dashers are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the scribblers flatter themselves with the vain hope, that, as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for sense."

He strongly recommends his wife to have his girls taught Geometry, which he calls, "the most useful and entertaining of all sciences;" adding, "It expands the mind more to the knowledge of all things in nature, and better teaches to distinguish between truths, and such things as have the

appearance of being truths, yet are not, than any other."

Although, as has been already stated, Lord Collingwood was a most rigid disciplinarian, yet he gave evidence of wise judgment and an humane disposition, by never resorting to the punishment of flogging, except in cases of very bad behaviour. He used to tell his crew, that he was determined the youngest Midshipman should be obeyed equally with himself; and that he would punish any instance to the contrary, with great severity. When a Midshipman made a complaint, he would give orders that the culprit's punishment should take place the next day. In the interval he would call the boy to him, and say, "In all probability the fault was yours; but, whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart, to see a man, old enough to be your father, disgraced and punished on your account; and it will therefore give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon."

This advice, coming from him, was, of course, tantamount to a command. When the young officer interceded for the prisoner, he always appeared to grant the request very reluctantly; and when he at last complied, expressed a hope that the man would be duly grateful to the Midshipman who had thus kindly pleaded in his behalf.

He first introduced many punishments, now, happily, general in the navy, instead of the lash; among which may be mentioned, watering the offender's grog.

There was one that the men dreaded beyond any

other. This was, excluding the culprit from his mess, and causing him to perform every extra duty; so that he was liable, every moment, to be called upon deck for the meanest service. This punishment, always exciting, as it did, the jests and ridicule of the rest of the sailors, was so much disliked, that the men were frequently heard to declare, they would infinitely prefer three dozen lashes; and the worst characters were invariably rendered, by this means, attentive and orderly.

It was his study to amuse and occupy his men when not on active duty, so as to preserve them from the ill effects of idleness. In illness, he visited them daily, even when an Admiral, and supplied them from his own table. The sailors all loved him, although he never courted popularity by talking familiarly with them, styling him their father; and when he changed his ship, the men often shed tears at his departure.

He never used, or suffered others to use, coarse or violent language to the men. "If you do not know a man's name," he would say to his officers, "call him 'sailor,' and not 'you, sir!' and such other appellations: they are both offensive and improper."

To many of the young and careless among his officers, he was an object of fear. His perfect knowledge of seamanship, and his quick and correct eye, enabled him, in an instant, to discover anything out of order in his vessel; and on these occasions, his reproofs, though short, were severe and generally made a deep impression.

When Lord St. Vincent gave Lieutenant Clavell, then a stranger to Collingwood, but afterwards his

intimate friend, a commission into the Excellent, he bid him remember, that he was going to a man who would take it away to-morrow, if he behaved ill.

When off duty he did every thing in his power to promote the comfort and welfare of his officers; and for the Midshipmen, in particular, he had an almost parental solicitude, regularly examining them once a week himself. Those officers who gained his esteem by their ability, good moral conduct, and a zealous discharge of their professional duties, were treated by him with unlimited confidence and affection.

To his superiors he always paid the most scrupulous deference and attention, and was tenacious of receiving from them that respect to which he was entitled, from his station and character. This feeling is illustrated by the following incident.

He was lying at anchor off Cadiz, when he was commanded to weigh, and come alongside Lord St. Vincent's ship. As he was sailing down in compliance with his directions, signals were made five or six times to him, to alter his course, and go first on one side, and then on the other. At length a signal was made for one of the Lieutenants to go on board the Admiral's ship. Collingwood, seeing this, desired a boat to be prepared, and said that he would go too. When he got on board, he requested his Lieutenant to let him know what the order was, as soon as he got it. Collingwood was walking on the quarter-deck, with Lord St. Vincent and Sir Robert Calder, when the officer brought him a copy of the order, which proved to

be merely that the Excellent should take on board two bags of onions for the use of the sick. Having read it, he exclaimed, with some impatience—

"Bless me! Is this the service, my Lord! Is this the service, Sir Robert! Has the Excellent's signal been made five or six times, for two bags of onions? Man my boat, sir," he continued, addressing his Lieutenant, "and let us go on board again!"

Lord St. Vincent pressed him to stay dinner, but Collingwood refused; and although the invitation was several times repeated, he persisted in returning instantly to his own ship.

The length and hardships of his service are quite unparalleled. Of the fifty years that he was in the navy, no less than forty-four were passed in active service. It is worthy of note that he, on one occasion, kept at sea for the almost incredible space of two years, all but two months, without once dropping his anchor.

Lord Collingwood possessed, through life, a deep feeling of religion. Every Sunday witnessed him a constant and serious attendant on Divine worship; and whenever the state of the weather prevented the crew from assembling together on that day, it was his invariable custom to read the Church Service, and some religious book, in his own cabin.

His religion was alike free from enthusiasm and hypocrisy, and whilst his heart was deeply impressed with gratitude and devotion to his God, he carefully sought and duly improved every opportunity of performing acts of kindness and benevolence to his fellow-creatures.

We cannot conclude this short memoir without observing, that although Lord Collingwood was, perhaps, inferior to his friend and companion in arms, (the immortal Nelson,) in original genius and energy, and in that noble self-confidence in great emergencies, which an union of these qualities can scarcely fail to inspire; yet he was fully his equal in seamanship and the art of command, and his superior in general information and accomplishments; and that, widely different as were the characters of these two heroes, we trace in both, the same devotion to their profession—the same generous and cordial appreciation of merit in their brother officers—the same high-minded and fearless contempt of hardship and danger—the same freedom from all mean feelings of selfishness and jealousy—while both were actuated by the same lofty principles of conduct—a well-directed love of fame, and an unquenchable zeal for the honour, prosperity, and welfare of that country in whose service they sacrificed their lives.

ADMIRAL VISCOUNT EXMOUTH.

EDWARD PELLEW was born at Dover, on April the 19th, 1757, and was descended from a Cornish family, originally of Norman extraction.

He was an orphan and almost friendless when he entered the navy. He gave early indications of a bold and daring spirit; and evinced so decided a predilection for the sea, that at twelve years of age he was sent on board the Juno, under the command of Captain Stott. He remained in this ship some time, when his Captain being appointed to the Alarm, Pellew followed him to the Mediterranean, where a difference with his Captain made him leave the ship.

Among the midshipmen of the Juno, was one to whom Pellew was warmly attached. This boy having been severely reprimanded and even struck by the Captain, forthwith applied for his discharge. The request was immediately and sternly granted, with an order to set the young midshipman on shore, without a moment's delay. Pellew instantly went to the Captain and said, "If Frank Cole is to be turned out of the ship, I hope you will turn me out too." The spirited conduct of

these youths attracted the notice of the two lieutenants, Kepple and Lord Hugh Seymour, and laid the foundation of a friendship which continued through life.

The latter officer finding the boys had no money, kindly gave them an order on his agent at Marseilles. Captain Stott afterwards tried to induce them to return, but not succeeding gave them the highest testimonials of their ability and good conduct, adding, that he believed they would become an honour to the service.

Pellew found an acquaintance on shore, the master of a merchant vessel, who gave him and his friend, from whom he would not separate, a free passage to Lisbon. From this place they returned to England, and soon afterwards Pellew set sail in the Blonde, with Captain Pownoll, an officer of great merit. This judicious and kind commander was not long in discovering the promising abilities of our midshipman, and was ready to make allowance for his then somewhat hasty temper and determined character, while on the other hand, Pellew returned his superior's kindness with the affection of a son.

War with America soon furnished him with objects worthy of his skill and courage. He distinguished himself in many engagements, and his exertions in preparing various boats for the service, assisting in dragging them up the country, and guiding them over dangerous rapids, were almost incredible. Trees growing in the forests in the morning, would, before night, form part of a ship.

About this time Pellew, with several other

officers, was appointed to the Carleton: and in an action on the 11th of October, 1776, on Lake Champlain, behaved with such gallantry, that Sir Charles Douglas, senior officer at Quebec, sent him a letter of thanks and approbation, and appointed him to the command of the schooner in which he had so well performed his duty.

Pellew's services on Lake Champlain also obtained for him a promise of early promotion from the Admiralty, and he was intrusted by General Carleton, the Commander-in-Chief, to conduct various important operations. On one occasion, he very nearly captured General Arnold, and well would it have been for this individual, had Pellew succeeded. Happy, also, would it have been for the British army, as the skill and courage of Arnold was the great cause of the misfortunes from which our troops suffered so severely the following year.

Pellew himself had a scarcely less narrow escape. He was invited, with a party of officers, to spend the afternoon with some young ladies in the neighbourhood. On the way, suspecting treachery, he advised his companions to return, and after some hesitation, they complied with his advice. Had they not done so, their capture would have been inevitable; for as they afterwards learned, the ladies had stationed a party of soldiers near, for the purpose of seizing, and making them prisoners.

Winter now approaching, our forces returned to Canada, where Sir Guy Carleton made active preparations for the ensuing spring campaign. They were nearly completed, when he was unex-

pectedly recalled, although his successes had surpassed the utmost hopes of his country.

Pellew was attached to the army, with a party of seamen under his command. After many months of vexatious delays from insufficiency of means, and after suffering hardships of every description, from the ferocity of the Indians, in unfrequented wilds and morasses, during the rainy season, a desperate battle took place near Ticonderoga, in which many English were killed and wounded, and among the former a brother of Pellew's.

So great was the danger, that even the sick and wounded were abandoned; and the army with difficulty effected a retreat to Saratoga.

On the following morning, the enemy would have succeeded in seizing the vessel which contained the small remaining store of provisions, had not Pellew, with his brave sailors, prevented them. This loss would have deprived the British of all hope; and Pellew received the thanks of the army, and of General Burgoyne, who had succeeded in command.

Pellew was now called upon to assist with his advice in a council of war, an honour very unusual for a midshipman only twenty years of age.

The army was in so desperate a condition that a capitulation with the American general was concluded, and it was determined to send Pellew to England with despatches.

At Quebec he met his former commander, Sir Guy Carleton, who charged him with additional despatches, and a letter to Lord Sandwich, representing his gallant conduct in the late campaign,

and recommending him as worthy of a commission, in his Majesty's service.

During his voyage home in a transport, they were chased by a privateer, on which occasion, a major of the army, also a passenger, was proceeding to take the command, when Pellew represented that *he* was the only naval officer on board, and must therefore command the ship. The transport engaged and beat off the privateer, and on arriving in England, Pellew received the promotion he so well merited.

At this time Pellew was tall, active, well-formed, and possessed of great muscular strength; while early discipline and two severe campaigns had nerved his frame, and rendered him capable of enduring almost incredible fatigues and hardships.

As an instance of his power and activity, may be mentioned, that on one occasion he sprung over the high gate of an inn yard, which he was unable to open, when hastening to assist, at the sudden alarm of a fire. This gate was shewn for many years at Truro.

Water was a natural element to him. He would sometimes go out in a boat and overset it for sport, by carrying a press of sail. This amusement, we need hardly observe, would, to one less expert, have been attended with extreme danger. He often found the advantage of that power and self-possession in the water, which he derived from early habits, in being able to save men who had fallen overboard. More than once, his brave exertions in rescuing his fellow-creatures nearly cost him his life.

In 1778 he received his commission, but on finding the appointment was only to a guard-ship, he felt much disappointed. He often and urgently solicited more active employment in vain, and, at last, accidentally meeting Lord Sandwich, the first Lord of the Admiralty, in Portsmouth, accosted him on this subject. His request, so unceremoniously made in the street, was ungraciously received by his lordship, who, however, appointed him an audience at a neigbouring hotel.

During the interview, Pellew's ardour for active service interested Lord Sandwich, who promised that he should not be forgotten; and a short time afterwards appointed him to the Licorne, which vessel, in the spring of 1779, sailed for the Newfoundland station. On the passage out, Pellew's conduct in two engagements met with the Captain's approbation. In December, he returned to England in the Apollo, commanded by Captain Pownoll, who was delighted once more to obtain the services of a young officer whom he regarded with equal pride and affection, and for whose sake he now removed an officer of high connexions, whose seniority would have prevented Pellew from being the first Lieutenant.

He too soon had to lament the loss of this valued friend, who was shot through the body in an engagement with a French frigate, on the 5th of June, 1780. A few moments after the fatal wound he said, "Pellew, I know you will not give the ship away," and immediately expired in his arms. Pellew continued the action, and drove the enemy, beaten and dismasted, on shore. He thus mentions Captain Pownoll in a letter home, "I have

lost a father and a friend united; and that friend my only one on earth. My grief is inexpressible for the friend who brought me up and pushed me through the service."

Three days after the action, Lord Sandwich wrote him a letter of sincere condolence, on the loss of his friend, and at the same time forwarded him his promotion to the Hazard, stationed on the eastern coast of Scotland. Pellew retained the command of this vessel only a short time, and on the 12th of March, 1782, was commissioned to the Pelican, an old and badly built ship; in which, however, he behaved in so gallant and seamanlike a style, that the rank of Post-Captain was conferred upon him.

In consequence of peace, he remained four years without employment, and in the year 1783, married Susan, daughter of John Frowd, Esq. of Wiltshire.

To improve a small income he took a farm, which he held on favourable terms, under an indulgent elder brother. Farming is generally an unprofitable employment in the hands of a gentleman, especially a sailor, and it proved particularly unsuitable to Pellew. It was his ambition to be actively employed in the service of his country. His talents were lost in the monotonous drudgery of a farmer's life.

He had the offer of a command in the Russian navy, which, had he accepted it, would have given him an opportunity of escaping from the uncongenial business of an agriculturist; but his high sense of honour, and religious feeling, forbade his fighting against his own country. This decision proved fortunate for his interests, as on applying

to the Admiralty, at the breaking out of war with France, in 1793, he was immediately appointed to the Nymph, a thirty-gun frigate.

He fitted her with great despatch, but from the number of ships commissioned at that time, the manning a frigate proved very difficult. At length he sailed from Falmouth in pursuit of the enemy. Part of the crew were Cornish miners, who behaved with a steadiness and courage the more remarkable as their habits of life had been entirely different from the service required on board a man-of-war. In a fierce engagement with La Cleopâtre, in which many were killed and wounded, he escaped unhurt. We give a characteristic extract from his letter to a valued brother. "Dear Sam,—Here we are, after a glorious action with the Cleopâtre, the crack ship of France. We dished her up in fifty minutes, boarded, and struck her colours. We have suffered much, but I was long determined to make a short affair of it. I owe much to Israel.* Poor dear Pearse is numbered with the slain—God be praised for His mercy to myself, and Israel, and all of us! Be kind to Susan—go over and comfort her."

The capture of the first frigate in a war is always an object of much interest, and Lord Howe paid Captain Pellew a most gratifying compliment on the occasion. The brothers were introduced at Court on the 29th of June, 1793, when the Captain received the honour of knighthood, and his brother was made a Post-Captain. King George the Third presented Sir Edward to Her Majesty the

* His brother.

Queen, with the following remark, "This is *our* friend."

The three following years after these events, so important to our hero, he was often engaged in leading the squadron, the command of which had been given him in 1794, into action, frequently rendering efficient aid to different naval commanders.

In 1796, while the Indefatigable, of which he had the command, was lying in Hamoaze, a large East Indiaman was stranded in a violent gale off Plymouth. It happened at the time, that Sir Edward and Lady Pellew were on their way to dine with a friend. Sir Edward observed crowds of people hastening towards the Hoe, and having learned the cause, sprang out of the carriage and ran off with the rest.

The captain, owing to illness, was not in the vessel; every minute was of consequence, for night was approaching, and the wreck was fast breaking up.

Sir Edward was anxious to send a message to the officers, and offered rewards to pilots and others, if they would board the wreck. But seeing that all shrunk from so hazardous a service, he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself!" He was hawled on board, through the surf, by the aid of a hawser, or strong cable, which communicated with the ship. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, under one of which he was dragged; and he received an injury in the back, which afterwards confined him to bed for a week. Disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck; declared himself; and assumed the

command. He assured the people that every one would be saved, if they attended quietly to his directions. His well-known name and energy, inspired confidence in the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by thousands on shore. His officers, from the Indefatigable, were exerting themselves to bring assistance, but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck. A small one belonging to a merchant vessel succeeded better, and two gentlemen, at the risk of their lives, got her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and firmly held there. Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them with travelling ropes, to pass backwards and forwards, between the ship and the beach. At this time a cutter and two large boats had, with great difficulty, arrived out of Plymouth pool. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a difficult task, as the soldiers had obtained access to the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The sick, the women, and children, were landed first; and never did Sir Edward appear more amiable, than when rescuing a little infant, whose mother was in agonies of terror, while she entrusted it to him, from the sinking vessel; nor had he ever felt more pleased than when he restored it to her arms in safety. The soldiers were next got on shore; then the ship's company, and last of all Sir Edward himself. Shortly afterwards the wreck went to pieces.

The modesty of Sir Edward, who, in relating this affair in a letter to Vice-Admiral Onslow,

attributed the chief merit of saving so many lives to Mr. Hemmings, the master attendant—is equal to his bravery.

Praise, however, was lavished upon him from every quarter. The Corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the city. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate, and the following March he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Pellew of Treveny, and received the honourable addition to his arms of a civic wreath, with a stranded vessel for his crest, with the motto, "Deo adjuvante, Fortuna sequatur."—(God assisting, may fortune follow.) This motto, so expressive of his habitual feelings, was chosen by himself in preference to another, of a more complimentary description, proposed by his friends.

On the 9th of March, 1796, the Indefatigable sailed from Falmouth, and gave chase to three French corvettes, one of which was destroyed. On the 13th the important capture of L'Unité by the Révolutionnaire, gave Sir Edward Pellew an opportunity of forwarding to the first Lord of the Admiralty very handsome testimonials of the skill and courage of his friend Captain Cole. The friendship between this gentleman and Sir Edward had continued from boyhood, and they cherished for each other the affection and confidence of brothers.

On the 20th of April, the Indefatigable captured the Virginie, a forty-gun frigate, and one of the finest in the French *marine*. During a protracted engagement the enemy made a determined and very able resistance; Sir Edward had a narrow escape of losing his life, from the

falling of the mizen-mast of his own ship. The commander of the Virginie, Captain Bergeret, was a young officer of the highest character and promise, and was deeply affected at his capture.

On being brought on board the Indefatigable, he wept bitterly, and inquired to whom he had struck. On being told that he was the prisoner of Sir Edward Pellew, he exclaimed, "That is the most fortunate man in the world! He takes everything, and now he has taken the finest frigate in France!"

Bergeret was for some time the honoured guest of Sir Edward Pellew and his family.

In November of the same year, Pellew was watching the French fleet off Brest with the utmost vigilance. The weather was intensely cold, yet every morning he went to the mast-head, where he remained a considerable part of the day making his observations. On the 16th the French Admiral put to sea, with a fleet of forty-four ships. At noon of that day the Indefatigable came in sight of the enemy. With a boldness that must have astonished them, Sir Edward kept close to the Admiral, and was often within gun-shot. At midnight nothing was to be seen of the French ships, and Sir Edward, reflecting on the importance of conveying immediate intelligence of their movements to England, relinquished the hope of giving them battle, and sailed to Falmouth. Here he received full discretionary powers, and soon afterwards offered, in the event of a battle, to take a place in the line with his ship, but his proposal was politely declined by Admiral Lord Bridport.

The night of the 22nd of November proved disastrous to the French fleet; seven frigates and eight ships of the line were all blown off to sea and dispersed; and the well known defeat of the objects of the expedition was too extraordinary to be attributed to anything less than God's providence in overthrowing the enemies of this favoured country.

In less than four years Sir Edward Pellew had fought as many severe actions, and all his success was obtained at a small expense of human life on board his own ships. By his good seamanship, his admirable example, his judicious strictness, and a kindness which permitted of every proper indulgence, he quickly brought a ship's company into a high state of discipline. No man ever knew better how to manage seamen. With a quick and correct judgment, he saw at once how an object could be obtained. "His first order," said an officer, who had long served under him, "was always his last," and Sir Edward often remarked of himself, that he never had a second thought worth a sixpence. This would be an absurd boast from an inexperienced or common character, but it was the declaration of one, whose life had been devoted to the study of his profession, and whose career had been one of daring enterprise, without a failure. In dangers and difficulties the precision of his orders, his calmness, his animated voice and look, would inspire his seamen with that cool determined energy which disarms danger and ensures success. He was particularly attentive to the junior part of his crew, having them well instructed in their religious duties, and at

the same time always securing the best masters that could be had for the young officers on board; many of his midshipmen had no friend but himself.

He once removed from his ship a young nobleman, for indulging in what many captains would have considered the excusable follies of youth, but to which, from the example and rank of the party, he attached importance; and would not rescind his determination, though urged to do so by the young man's high connexions. It should be mentioned, that the young officer afterwards distinguished himself in the service, and probably owed his success and worth of character to Sir Edward's judicious firmness towards him.

In 1797, the Indefatigable, and the Révolutionnaire, commanded by Captain Cole, displayed extraordinary zeal and activity, and several armed vessels were taken. The enemy, undismayed by former failures, was preparing for a second and more formidable descent upon Ireland, and this too, at the time when the British navy was in a state of mutiny.

Sir Edward was again employed to watch the harbour of Brest; a service which he performed very much to the annoyance of the French commander, whose squadron respectively chased the Indefatigable and her consorts, without being able to bring them into action, or drive them from the station.

Early in August of the same year, Sir Edward, after a short stay in England, carefully surveyed the state of the French fleet, and offered to conduct an attack, which, had it been made with success, would have proved one of the most brilliant results of naval enterprise; but the first

Lord of the Admiralty resolutely declined the proposal.

Pellew sailed from Torbay on the 13th of October, 1798, and on the 25th captured a large corvette near Teneriffe. In the beginning of the war with France, he took the first ship from the enemy, as before-mentioned, and now, after nearly five years, recaptured the first they had taken from the British. In 1798, his squadron captured fifteen cruisers, and in one of them he liberated twenty-five priests, inhumanly chained together by order of the French government. His officers and men vied with him in shewing kindness to the unfortunate exiles, and when put on shore in England, Sir Edward gave them money for their immediate wants. In this same vessel was the wife of a banished deputy, who had obtained permission to join her husband, and was going out with her family and all they possessed, amounting to 3,000*l.* Sir Edward restored to the lady the whole of that sum, and paid from his own purse the proportion of it which was the prize of his officers and men.

On the 1st of March, 1799, he, with much regret, left the ship and the crew which he had so long commanded, and engaged in a service that offered little prospect of distinction. He was appointed to the Impétueux, a beautiful vessel, and superior to the largest seventy-four gun-ship in the navy.

Mutinies among the English sailors were now very general, and may be attributed to the gross misconduct and dishonesty of the contractors for provisions for the navy, during the American war.

The food supplied was often unfit for human beings, and the scurvy made dreadful havoc among the crews. These evils, subsisting in every department of the navy, were corrected on Mr. Pitt's accession to power.

Mutinies now occurred everywhere, whether from real or fancied causes of complaint. Sir Edward deeply lamented that the English government submitted to unjust demands from worthless mutineers, when he felt certain that proper firmness would both have quelled existing, and put a stop to future evils arising from their misconduct.

On the 30th of May, 1799, all Sir Edward's wonted resolution, and prompt decision of measures, was called forth in the suppression of a mutiny in the Impétueux, while that vessel was lying in Bantry Bay. By his own courageous exertions, and those of his officers, the ringleaders were secured. Pellew seized one of the most violent himself, dragging him from below to the quarter-deck, and threatening him with instant death if he refused to give up his letters of the conspiracy which concerned his own ship, and many others which were waiting for the example of the Impétueux. The men thus intimidated returned quietly to their duty, and no other attempt was made by any of the crews to resist the authority of their officers.

Sir Edward took the earliest opportunity of demanding and insisting upon a court-martial, which had been previously refused him. It was held on the 19th and 20th of June, on board the Prince, in Port Mahon, when three of the ringleaders received sentence of death.

Earl St. Vincent highly appreciated Sir Edward's conduct, and once said to Mr. Pellew, "Your brother is an excellent and valuable officer, but the most important service he ever rendered to his country was saving the British fleet in Bantry Bay. We know it was the intention of the mutineers to burn the ships and join the rebels on shore.

On the 26th of August, 1800, Sir Edward was engaged in a daring attack upon the town and harbour of Ferrol, which he felt certain would have yielded; but Sir J. B. Warren, considering the place impregnable, ordered a retreat. It was afterwards ascertained that Pellew was right, as the garrison were prepared to surrender.

In 1801, at the end of the war, the Impétueux was paid off, and Sir Edward Pellew enjoyed a short interval of repose in the quiet of domestic retirement. He occupied the beautiful seat of Trefusis, not far from Falmouth harbour, and adjoining the little town of Flushing,

In the same year he was made a Colonel of marines. It may be justly remarked that all his promotions and honours were given to reward some recent and distinguished service, and he once truly said, at a public dinner, "I have never known what fortune meant, I never chose my station, and never had a friend but the king's pennant: I have always gone where I was sent, and done what I was ordered; and he who will act upon the same principles, may do as I have done." His popularity was great, and there was scarcely an officer whose name was more known and esteemed throughout the country.

In 1802, he was elected Member of Parliament for Barnstaple, of which situation he soon became weary, justly thinking that a naval officer will seldom promote his comfort by going into Parliament.

In March, 1803, he was appointed to the Tonnant, and was anxious to sail with Nelson but being detached early in the summer from the Channel fleet, he was sent with two other ships to intercept or blockade a Dutch squadron, which had put into the neutral port of Ferrol, on their passage to India.

In a promotion which occurred on the 23rd of April, 1804, Pellew was included, and made Rear-Admiral of the White, and also appointed Commander-in-Chief in India. He hoisted his flag in the Culloden, and highly gratified Captain C. Cole, a younger brother of his deceased friend, by selecting him for his captain.

He reached India in August, 1805, where he met with an ungracious reception from the ex-Commander-in-Chief, Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who refused to resign. The two Admirals, however, were not long in amicably adjusting the disagreement, and Sir Thomas received from Pellew a separate station which proved both advantageous and lucrative.

Sir Edward had not been long in India, when his friend and former opponent, Bergeret, was brought to him a prisoner. When the two officers first met on the quarter-deck of the Culloden, both were deeply affected, and their interview, under such circumstances, drew tears from the spectators. Fortune, at last, was just to the

gallant Bergeret, who rose to be an Admiral, and afterwards Commander-in-Chief at Brest.

Sir Edward remained in India three years, where he accomplished all that the utmost exertions for the good of his country could effect, and in February, 1809, set sail for England. His vessel encountered a violent hurricane off the Isle of France, and was, during three days, in imminent danger. The Admiral was all this time almost constantly upon deck, encouraging the men at the pumps, and by his able directions, the Culloden was saved, and arrived safely in England.

On his arrival in his native country, Lord Mulgrave proposed to him to be second in command in the Mediterranean, in order to relieve the brave Lord Collingwood, who, at this time, was in a very bad state of health.

Sir Edward, unaware of the dangerous condition of that distinguished Admiral, declined the offer, and, in the spring of 1810, took the command on board the Christian the VII., as Commander-in-Chief in the North Sea, where he kept his station, until severe gales compelled him to take shelter in the Downs,

In the spring of 1811, he succeeded Sir Charles Cotton as Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, and arrived at his station off Toulon, on the 18th of July. The cares and duties of this situation were heavy and unceasing; added to which, Sir Edward was in the habit of writing an almost incredible number of letters. His anxiety and responsibility were much increased by the lamented death of Lord Collingwood. Sir Edward used his utmost exertions to bring on a general engagement,

both as the means of concluding the war, and also of connecting his name with the history of his country.

The Mediterranean fleet at this time, was the largest ever entrusted to any Admiral, and the points to be watched, between the Ionian Islands and Gibraltar, comprehended more than 2000 miles of coast.

At the beginning of 1812, he thus writes to his brother,—"I have never yet seen a French fleet in half the order the Toulon one is. They have, I am sorry to say, adopted but too many of our arrangements, and in point of clothing they exceed us. They keep every body on board, so that the French officers are now, of necessity, obliged to find amusements in their duty, and become acquainted with their people. Their ships are magnificent; we shall, at least, have twenty to fight, and, I trust, a glorious day we shall have. * * * * * I never expect to live the war through, and am not at all anxious about it, if I can only have the happiness of doing service to my country. I would give a great deal to be ten years younger; but, as that cannot be, I must content myself with the reflection, that my children are good, and provided for; and that I leave them attached to their mother and to each other. We have all reason to praise God for his great and manifold mercies. We are ready to start at a moment's notice, and have a strict look-out. The enemy are also ready.

"God bless you and yours; and may He enable me to do honour to my country and my family—for myself, I care not."

On the 28th of April, 1814, Napoleon left

France, in a British frigate, for Elba, and was landed on that island which had been assigned to him for a sovereignty, and a prison.

At the end of the war, several of the Peninsular generals were raised to the peerage and a similar distinction was conferred upon Sir Edward Pellew. He was created Baron Exmouth of Canonteign, in South Devon, with a pension, in consideration of his eminent public services.

Lord Exmouth was still in the Mediterranean, when this mark of his Sovereign's favour was conferred upon him; and on this subject he says,—"I was never more surprised than at this event. Never was man more ignorant of its being thought of; and it has happened only by a combination of events quite unconnected with influence or power. For myself I am indifferent, and know it will only tend to multiply my enemies and increase my difficulties."

In this year, he received a handsome present of plate from the officers of the Mediterranean fleet, as a mark of their esteem.

Soon afterwards, he was made a Knight Commander, and the order of the Grand Cross conferred upon him.

Hostilities being renewed with the French, in consequence of Napoleon's return from Elba, Lord Exmouth was sent back to the Mediterranean. He hoisted his flag on board the Boyne, made all sail for Naples, and was happy in being able to save that beautiful city from the horrors of war and anarchy. King Ferdinand expressed great gratitude to his deliverer, and immediately invested him with his highest order. He also rendered

important service to the city of Marseilles, whose inhabitants presented him with a large and beautiful piece of plate, with an inscription expressive of their gratitude.

Early in 1816, Lord Exmouth was ordered to proceed to the different Powers in Barbary, to claim the release of all the Ionian slaves, who had become British subjects. He afterwards visited Rome, where the Pope received him with great courtesy.

On the 21st of March, he made known to his squadron that the Prince Regent had directed him to proceed with his fleet to Algiers, in order to enfore the abolition of Christian slavery in the Barbary States.

On arriving before Algiers, the Dey was allowed a reasonable time to determine whether he would liberate the slaves, or expect the destruction of his city. After much altercation, and personal risk to Lord Exmouth, and his brother, Sir Israel Pellew, who was with him on shore, the Dey agreed to despatch an ambassador to England, to treat on the proposals made by their Commander-in-Chief; but, before Lord Exmouth could return to his native country for further instructions, the Algerines committed such atrocities upon the crews of the coral fishing vessels at Bona, that the British government determined to inflict signal punishment on the perpetrators of the outrage. They, therefore, immediately directed Lord Exmouth to complete his work, and placed at his disposal the force he thought necessary for the purpose.

The siege of Algiers was an arduous and difficult

enterprise. The particulars of the attack, his success, and the happy results of it, are well known.

Lord Exmouth's ship, the Queen Charlotte, led the squadron to the attack. As soon as this noble ship was fairly placed, the crew gave three hearty cheers, such as Englishmen only can give. Scarcely had the sound of the last died away, when guns from the enemy's battery were heard. At the flash of the first of their shots, Lord Exmouth gave the order, "Stand by!" at the second, "Fire!" The report of the third gun was drowned in the thunder of the Queen Charlotte's broadside.

Lord Exmouth very narrowly escaped being struck down by a cannon-shot, which tore away the skirts of his coat, and bulged the rim of the spectacles in his pocket. In a letter home soon after the battle, he writes, "Every body behaved uncommonly well, indeed nobly. I was hurt by a large shot and bled a good deal, which looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received, even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. I assure you my task was an arduous one, but I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service. I had formed a correct judgment of all I saw, and felt confident of success, if supported."

The victory of Algiers broke the chains of thousands, and delivered Christendom from a scourge.

Lord Exmouth's services were acknowledged by his native country, as well as by every continental power, and they made him valuable and elegant presents. The City of London voted him its freedom, and a sword ornamented with diamonds.

The University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L. Sir Sidney Smith had a medal struck to commemorate the victory; and the officers of the squadron presented their commander with a magnificent piece of plate. His Majesty George IV. presented him with a gold medal of exquisite workmanship, and appropriate devices.

The command of Plymouth was given him in 1817, and though it prevented an entire change from an active life to one of complete retirement, yet Lord Exmouth was sometimes heard to confess, that he had been happier amidst his early difficulties.

The most admirable part of Lord Exmouth's character was derived from religion; and from his earliest years he was prompt to check any course, or profane conduct in others. On Sundays he always dressed in full uniform, and if it happened that no chaplain was on board, he read the morning service to his crew. He always had thanksgivings offered to God on occasions of signal deliverance in battle.

Amidst all the hurry and anxiety of his preparation for Algiers, he took care that his ship should be provided with Bibles.

With the command at Plymouth his public life may be said to have closed; he also declined all political interference, and chose to keep the high position of an independent British nobleman.

He passed the remainder of his life at Teignmouth, enjoying in honourable repose the gratitude of his country, and the affection of his family. He dwelt upon the prospect of death without

alarm, though he knew he was liable to a complaint that might suddenly terminate his existence.

In the spring of 1832, he was made Vice-admiral of England, and was honoured on the occasion with a flattering letter from his Sovereign.

Admiral Lord Exmouth was strongly attached to the Church of England, and was a member of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for more than thirty years. In one of his last letters to an old and valued friend, he writes, "God will never suffer his Church to fall, and the world will see that His mighty arm is not shortened, nor His power diminished. I put my trust in Him and not in man, and I bless God that he has enabled me to see the difference between improvement and destruction."

A few days after writing this letter, in which he alludes to the troubled state of the times, he was seized with an illness, which terminated his life on the 23rd of January, 1832.

Speaking of his last moments, an officer who was often with him, said, "Every hour of his life is a sermon; I have seen him great in battle, but never so great as on his death-bed."

Full of hope and peace, he calmly awaited his dissolution, and closed his brilliant career with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory.

LORD HILL.

THIS distinguished and amiable military commander was one of sixteen children, the second son, and fourth child, of his parents, and was born on the 11th of August, 1772, at the small and retired village of Prees, in the county of Shropshire.

One of his ancestors, Sir Rowland Hill, had the honour of being the first Protestant Lord Mayor of London, and a column to his memory still adorns Hawkstone Park.

The subject of this memoir was sent to school when seven or eight years of age, first at Ightfield, and then at Chester, where he remained until he had attained his seventeenth year. One of his schoolfellows speaks of him as a boy of gentle unaffected manners, beloved by all the younger boys and ever the friend of the oppressed; Mrs. Winfield, the wife of his master, treated him with great kindness, which he remembered, and for which he was grateful all his life. Delicate health frequently prevented his joining in the sports and exercises of his more robust companions, and his favourite occupations were cultivating a little garden, and

attending to numerous pet animals, which, as well as many of his schoolfellows, he was permitted to keep. He was remarkable for the mildness and equanimity of his temper. His sensibility was so excessive, that he once fainted upon seeing one of the boys accidentally cut his finger.

No one would have supposed beforehand, that, with his temper and disposition, Hill would have chosen the army as a profession; but at the age of eighteen he did so, although his parents suggested the law. However, on being told of his preference for a military life, Mr. Hill obtained an Ensign's commission for his son in the 38th regiment, and sent him to the military academy at Strasburgh to study his profession for a year. At the end of this period he was appointed Lieutenant in Captain Broughton's Independent Company. After serving in this company for some time he was appointed a Lieutenant in the 53rd regiment. In the beginning of 1793, being desirous of advancing himself in his profession, Hill, by great exertions, succeeded in raising a company of his own, was made their captain, and sent with them to Ireland. These men were raised chiefly in Shropshire. He next accompanied Mr. Drake as assistant secretary to Genoa, whence he proceeded to Toulon, and was employed there as aid-de-camp to General O'Hara, and Sir David Dundas. His services met with the approbation of both these distinguished men, and General O'Hara predicted that his young aid-de-camp would eventually become one of the first soldiers of the age.

Lord Hood took possession of Toulon in August, 1793, and Lord Mulgrave arriving shortly after-

wards, Hill joined him, and at his own particular request was appointed aid-de-camp to his Lordship; a situation which he much preferred to the one he held under Mr. Drake. He assisted in the operations made by the English army for obtaining possession of, and destroying various batteries erected by the French in that neighbourhood. He was engaged in an action that took place near the Port of Malbourquet, in which General O'Hara was taken prisoner. Lord Mulgrave writes thus of him to Mr. Drake, "For particulars of our action of the 1st of October, I must refer you to your relation, and my friend and aid-de-camp, Captain Hill, who was in the midst of it, and whose intelligence, activity, and courage rendered him of great service to me."

Hill had a narrow escape on this occasion. Being called down by General O'Hara from a tree, into which he had climbed, to make observations, Captain Snow, his brother aid-de-camp, ascended to take his place, and was instantly killed. Hill's modesty and unpretending demeanour prevented his superior officers from regarding him with jealousy on account of the confidence with which he was treated, and the important affairs which were committed to his trust, while still a very young man. Among those who had witnessed Captain Hill's spirited conduct at Toulon was Mr. Graham, afterwards Lord Lyndoch, who was serving in the 90th regiment of Infantry as a volunteer. This gentleman was so pleased with the young officer that he offered him the majority of the above-mentioned regiment, upon condition of his raising a certain number of men. Hill gladly accepted these terms,

and was shortly afterwards made Lieutenant-Colonel. This was in 1794, and the close of that year and summer of the next was spent by him in continental service. France was at this time under the administration of the ferocious and cruel Robespierre, and agitated by the insurrection of La Vendée. The 90th was one of the regiments which under General Doyle took possession of Isle Dieu. After remaining inactive in this island for some months, with no occupation but coursing and other field-sports, as the French left them unmolested, Hill was very glad to quit the place. He returned to England, and eagerly embraced the first opportunity of again setting out with a prospect of active employment.

At Gibraltar he found his old friend, General O'Hara, in command of the garrison, who received him with kindness, and gave him a house to live in, belonging to himself. Hill had not seen the general since he had been taken prisoner. During his imprisonment he had been treated with great barbarity, confined in the common jail, and only allowed the most wretched food—artichoke leaves and bullock's liver.

In the beginning of October, 1796, General O'Hara intrusted Hill to communicate verbally to the British Ambassador at Lisbon, intelligence of the expected war with Spain. Before he could return, hostilities commenced, and it was with great difficulty that he made his way back to Gibraltar. Here he remained until the year 1799, when he solicited and obtained permission to visit his native country. Speaking of this period he says,—

"The year 1799, exhibited a strange picture of the world turned upside down; Turks, Mahometans, Roman Catholics, Protestants, all at war, and supporting each other. Bonaparte continued in possession of Egypt; various battles took place in that country between Mamelukes, Turks, and French. Sir Sidney Smith at Acre."

In 1800, being made full colonel, Hill sailed with his regiment for Egypt. During the voyage he endeavoured to improve himself in his profession by studying field-fortification. At Cabrera all the crew were much distressed for want of provisions, but they appear to have borne their privations with cheerfulness; and Hill on one occasion mentions, that by way of giving a ludicrous turn to the scarcity, "a pair of boots were dressed, boiled, and roasted with lemon, for dinner in the gun-room." On arriving at Majorca they were informed that Genoa had surrendered, and was retaken by Bonaparte, and that Sir Ralph Abercrombie had sailed with three thousand men. They made great exertions to join this general off Leghorn, but being becalmed near Corsica, were unable to do so until he had reached Minorca. Off Cadiz, Colonel Hill suffered much from illness. For some time they continued near this place, performing various manœuvres, such as landing, re-embarking, and sailing backwards and forwards, for the purpose of deceiving the enemy as to their real intentions. The price of provisions in Spain was now extremely high. Hill mentions that being, on account of his ill health, forbidden to eat anything but fresh meat, he was obliged to give the enormous sum of 3*l.* 12*s.* for a turkey, and a guinea for a fowl.

After being quite wearied with remaining so long on board ship, Colonel Hill and his regiment reached Malta in safety, notwithstanding the danger with which they were threatened by several violent gales of wind. In his journal at this period he makes allusion to the shipwreck of St. Paul on this island. It was Hill's practice to devote a considerable time to the perusal of the Word of God, after the labours of the day were over, unlike too many who, with far less reason, plead as an excuse for neglecting the great and important duty of studying the Holy Scriptures, that they have no time to do so.

The commencement of the next year, 1801, found him restored to health, and busy preparing for an expedition against the French troops in Egypt. He remained for some time at the magnificent harbour of Marmora. In the midst of the preparations, Hill relates that there arose "a tremendous storm, accompanied with most violent thunder and lightning, and hailstones, the size of a pigeon's egg."

About a fortnight after this, the fleet, under Lord Keith, sailed for Egypt, conveying the troops and their commander, Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Having landed in spite of the vigorous opposition of the enemy, our army commenced the campaign. Of the battle that was fought on the 13th of March, 1801, when the French were defeated, and England gained a glorious victory, Colonel Hill gives the following narrative:—"On the 12th the army advanced, skirmishing with the enemy till dusk. At night the 90th, which I commanded, and the 29th, were placed along the front of the army.

On the morning of the 13th, at six, the British army began to move, the 90th regiment as its advanced guard. At this moment a considerable body of cavalry made a spirited and impetuous charge on the 90th, who, as Walsh says, with the coolness and intrepidity of veterans, received them, unbroken, upon the points of their bayonets. The French were obliged to retreat. I was wounded by a musket ball, which struck the peak of my helmet. After being wounded I was taken on board Lord Keith's ship, where I remained about three weeks, and then returned to my regiment."

As soon as intelligence of his being wounded reached Hawkstone, his servant, Joseph Willoughby, although he had himself been ill for some time, immediately determined at all hazards to set out for Egypt, to attend his sick master.

The gallant conduct of the 90th regiment met with great and well-merited commendation, in the general orders of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, issued the following day.

This brave army first taught the French soldiers, under Bonaparte, the surpassing skill and excellence both of our men and officers; and the conflict of the 13th, and the decisive victory of the 21st, in which Sir Ralph Abercrombie was, to the great grief of Colonel Hill and the whole army, mortally wounded, rendered it impossible that the French could remain much longer in Egypt.

On the 4th of May orders were given for the British and Turkish army to march forward, and, as it advanced, the French receded. After some skirmishing and a long march, rendered extremely fatiguing by the intense heat of the weather, they

arrived before Cairo with the intention of besieging that city. Alarmed at the preparations, the French sent out an officer with a letter for the Commander-in-Chief, in consequence of which a conference took place, which ended in a treaty for the evacuation of Egypt by the French, and the surrender of the citadel of Cairo in twelve days.

In the midst of his numerous military occupations Colonel Hill found time to visit every object of curiosity in Cairo and Alexandria, as well as the Pyramids. Here he lost the faithful servant who had left home on purpose to attend him.

In April, 1802, Colonel Hill, after a voyage in which he was several times in imminent danger, landed at Portsmouth, whence he proceeded with his regiment to Scotland, so that it was not until June that he had the happiness of visiting his family in Shropshire.

A splendid fête was given by his uncle, Sir Richard Hill, in honour of his safe return, and the magnificent tent of Tippoo Saib, obtained by Colonel Hill in Egypt, from the army under Sir David Baird, returning by the Red Sea from India, was erected for the reception of the guests.

At the end of 1802, the affairs of Europe appearing unsettled, it was deemed advisable to increase the army, and the 90th regiment received orders to make every exertion to obtain recruits. In the spring of the year following it was sent to Ireland, and Hill appointed Brigadier-General on the staff of that country, which removed him from his regiment, to the great regret of his brother officers.

During the time he remained in Ireland, a

period of more than three years, he did effectual service, both civil and military, by various important measures.

In the summer of 1804, he was employed to build towers for signals on the coast. This duty gave him considerable trouble and anxiety, which were greatly increased by the irregular manner in which Government made their payments.

In 1805, a large armament from England and Ireland was sent to the Weser, with the view of assisting the Continental Powers in checking the rapid progress of the French. General Hill says, "In the early part of December, the great armies of the Continent were engaged near Olmutz. The uncertain accounts of these operations which came to England, induced Mr. Pitt to risk everything to send troops to the Continent: notwithstanding the season of the year, and the dangers of the North Seas, we were ordered to proceed. After a tremendous passage, and serious losses, some of us had the good fortune to arrive in the Weser, on Christmas-day. When I reached that river," he continues, "the head-quarter ship of every regiment belonging to me was missing; some were wrecked on the Dutch coast, and many souls perished on the Goodwin Sands." The great successes of the French in 1805, caused the return of the forces with which General Hill had gone to the Weser, and towards the end of January, 1806, he found himself once more at Deal. On his arrival in England, vexed and annoyed that the expedition had proved fruitless, he received the melancholy tidings of the death of his mother.

After a short time, he went again to Ireland,

where he was engaged in suppressing disturbances; and taking precautionary measures against the banditti who infested the mountains; he also acted the part of a peacemaker, in allaying private animosities between the officers, who were constantly quarrelling with each other.

In 1808, he was ordered to join Sir Arthur Wellesley, in his first campaign to the Peninsula. He took a distinguished part in the battles of Roliça, Vimeira, and Corunna. After the death of the gallant Sir John Moore, who gained the brilliant victory of Corunna, though with the loss of his own life, General Hill's brigade had the arduous duty of protecting the British army as it proceeded to the ships, at the close of the engagement; and when the troops had all embarked, which was not until late at night, he himself went on board, and sailed for England. During the whole of Sir John Moore's memorable retreat, General Hill's exertions were of the utmost service; and the distressed soldiers who remained, were treated by him with the greatest humanity and kindness.

During his absence he lost his esteemed uncle, Sir Richard Hill; his father succeeded to the title and estates of Hawkstone, and he himself became possessed of the property at Hardwick Grange, bequeathed to him by his uncle, which was ever afterwards his favourite residence.

He had scarcely reached England when he was promoted to the Colonelcy of the Third Garrison Battalion, and ordered, by the Duke of York, to prepare for further service, and to take the command of the regiments about to embark from Cork to the Peninsula.

Allowing himself only a few days' repose with his family, Hill again started for Portugal, where his arrival was anxiously looked for by Sir John Craddock.

This over-cautious and dilatory commander was, before long, to the joy of the whole army, superseded by Sir Arthur Wellesley, who, shortly after his arrival, finding that Marshal Soult had invaded the northern provinces of Portugal from Gallicia, determined to commence operations, in order to dispossess him of Oporto and the country he had seized, in preference to combining with Cuesta, the Spanish general, against Victor. Hill commanded the third division of infantry, and Sir Arthur Wellesley having discovered that the Lake of Ovar, extending twenty miles behind the French outposts, was unguarded, wished to have troops conveyed by water to that town, and intrusted the conduct of this difficult enterprise to Hill, who was assisted in passing the lake by the fishermen, and arrived at Ovar in safety; but the enemy were, for a short time, rescued from their perilous situation by the able retreat of Franceschi. This general passed within a short distance of Hill, who displayed great judgment in refraining from attacking him when so favourable an opportunity presented itself, lest, by so doing, he might derange the plan of operations of his Commander-in-Chief. He therefore, with his division, moved quietly on towards Oporto, which place the French reached in time to destroy the bridge across the Douro, and to congratulate themselves in a fancied security because the river divided them from their pursuers; while the veterans of Napoleon's army were ready to

defend the passage of this wide and rapid stream. It was now that Sir Arthur Wellesley formed the daring determination of forcing a passage across the river, and so driving Soult out of Oporto: to the success of which brilliant achievements, General Hill most materially contributed. The loss of the French at Oporto, and during their retreat, was upwards of three thousand, including prisoners.

The next memorable event in Hill's life, was the battle of Talavera, which lasted nearly two days.

The following interesting extracts are taken from a letter to his sister, written on the spot:—

"Talavera, July 30th, 1809.

"My dear sister,—God has protected Clement* and myself in two of the severest battles I ever witnessed; which took place on the 27th and 28th. For the particulars, I must refer you to the public despatches, but cannot help mentioning a few circumstances which will shew you the providential escapes we have had. About a week ago, I told you that the French had retired from Talavera, on our approach towards them. It now appears they did this, not with the intention of going off altogether, but for the purpose of meeting their reinforcements, which being done, by the junction of the forces of Sebastiani and King Joseph, from Madrid, they turned back again with nearly 50,000 with a determination to bring the whole of it against the British army, not half that number in

* His brother.

the field. Early on the 27th, we heard of the returning of the French, and, as the day advanced, they approached nearer. By four in the evening their whole force was in sight, and continued moving forward, driving in our outposts, till they came within reach of shot from our lines, when they halted : and, as night was coming on, we did not expect any serious attack till the next morning. It was, however, scarcely dusk when there was a heavy fire of musketry on my post, and a severe struggle on the part of the enemy to carry it, in which they did not succeed, and in about half an hour gave up the contest. On this occasion poor Fordyce was killed, my horse was shot, and I myself had a fortunate escape from the hands of a French soldier, who had got hold of my right arm, and would have secured me if my horse had not, at the moment, sprung forward. The Frenchman fired at me, but did not touch me. Clement and Captain Currie were in the midst of the whole, but fortunately escaped. Nothing very particular occurred during the night : we continued in our position, and the enemy was near us. . . . . In the morning, when day broke, we observed the whole French army drawn up in order of battle ; the greater part of their force immediately opposite my post, which was evidently the point of attack, and which, if they could have gained, would have given them the day, Sir Arthur Wellesley came to it ; and, in about half an hour after the sun was up, an immense column, since known to consist of two divisions of 7,000 each, under Marshal Victor, in person, moved on and attacked us, the fire was tremendous on

both sides, but the French could not force us. My horse was wounded early in the action. I got another from an officer, shortly before the enemy gave up the conflict, and was struck by a musket ball near my left ear, and the back of my head. The blow was so violent that I was compelled to leave the field. I continued unwell during the whole of the next day, and the next; I am, however, thank God, much better to-day. My hat saved my life; it has suffered as much as my helmet did on the 13th of March. Clement is safe; his horse was killed, and he had three musket balls in him on the 28th. Currie is safe, but had his horse killed under him. . . . . .

"During the attack on me the enemy did not allow the remainder of the line to be quiet, for, with their numerous artillery, they kept up a constant and destructive fire on it, not regarding the Spaniards at all. In about four or five hours, the enemy's fire slackened for a short time; they, however, afterwards began as serious an attack upon General Campbell as they had upon me, and meeting with the same reception from him and the whole, as they did in the morning, were fairly beat, and in the evening, after dark, went off. The loss on both sides is very great. King Joseph was in the field, though not in the fire. When it is considered that the French force was double ours, and solely employed against the British, we may count the battle of Talavera amongst the most glorious that ever took place."

His Majesty in approbation of Hill's conduct on this occasion, appointed him to the Colonelcy of the 94th regiment, and Mr. Perceval, on the vote

of thanks from both Houses of Parliament, paid him a distinguished compliment.

The condition of the Spanish army, who were terrified into confusion, although not attacked, and the exhausted state of the British, who were upon the scantiest food, rendered all pursuit at the close of the second days' victory, impossible; and our army passed that night on the cold damp field, amidst the dead, the wounded, and the dying; while as many of the sufferers as they could remove, were carried to the convents of Talavera. The subsequent conduct of the Spaniards was disgraceful in the extreme. They would neither supply provisions, relieve the wounded, nor help to bury the dead; "refusing," as Sir Arthur Wellesley observed, "assistance and necessaries, which any other country in the world would have given even to its enemies." In consequence of the privations our troops now suffered, and various other circumstances, the English army was withdrawn into Portugal. At Montejo, General Hill and his brother were comfortably lodged in the house of a large farmer, about twenty miles from Badajos, where the head quarters were.

Here Lord Hill enjoyed his favourite amusement of coursing.

His brother writes, "We have quite a country life here, going out coursing three times a week, though I should not wonder if Bonaparte gave us a chase of another sort, some of these mornings."

And General Hill, in writing home from the same place, gives the following account of the distressing condition of the British forces. "Our army is much reduced; it is generally supposed that

we have upwards of 30,000; but I assure you we could not bring more than 13,000 into the field. The sickness which prevails is dreadful, and the mortality melancholy. There are not less than 10,000 in the hospitals, besides some hundreds in a convalescent state. The deaths during the last three weeks have, upon an average, been little short of fifty men a day. The rains have now commenced, and we are told that we shall be more healthy. I thank God that Clement and myself enjoy good health." Sir Arthur Wellesley now began to reflect on the best means of defending Portugal, and much correspondence passed between him and General Hill on the subject. The latter quitted Montejo, and, during a short cessation of active hostilities, occupied for some time a small chapel by the roadside near Almeida. His character for integrity had won him the respect of the neighbouring peasantry, who occasionally supplied him and his friends with bread, milk, honey, eggs, poultry, and excellent wine. These were great luxuries to men who had for a long period known no better fare than coarse beef and hard biscuit.

On the 25th of September, 1810, General Hill led his troops up the steep mountain of Busaco, a convent on the summit of which was occupied by Sir Arthur Wellesley and his soldiers. The united regiments were drawn up on this height, and just below them, that evening, assembled the Portuguese forces; who now for the first time looked upon the seventy thousand invaders of their native country. Only 25,000 Portuguese were about to engage in this first great battle, but

they were assisted by the same number of English, and after a short conflict, the French retired, and did not attempt to renew the engagement. They passed the remainder of the day in removing their wounded, and some of the French actually shook hands with the English, as the rival troops quenched their thirst at a small rivulet which flowed at the foot of the hill.

The night which succeeded this memorable day is described as having afforded to the victorious occupants of the mountain a scene of the most striking grandeur; the whole country beneath them glowing with innumerable fires, whose lurid glare shewed thousands of shadowy forms of men and horses, mingled with piles of arms that glittered amidst the flames. The men under Hill were kept in their full accoutrements, and slept each with his musket by his side, in expectation of an attack early the next morning; but the French moved away with the intention of cutting off the allies from Oporto, or bringing on an action in some place where the ground was more in their favour. The English retired to near Lisbon, thus giving up a large portion of the country; "which," says his brother, Lieutenant Hill, in a letter to his friends at home, "has certainly distressed the inhabitants dreadfully. They are all ordered, on pain of death, to leave their houses, and to destroy all the property they cannot carry away with them, and very few having the means of transport, you may imagine what misery it causes. But they all submit with the greatest patience, knowing that it has the desired effect of completely annoying the French." Speaking of the absence

of all ill-feeling between the French and English soldiery, General Hill writes, "I dare say it will appear rather extraordinary, when I tell you, that we are perfectly good neighbours, and never think of molesting each other. On the contrary, I have been obliged to put a stop to the intimacy which was going on. It was by no means uncommon to see the soldiers of each army, getting grapes out of the same vineyard, water out of the same well, and asking each other to drink wine." In the winter, Hill was obliged for some time to leave his post on account of a severe attack of fever; and the extreme weakness it left, obliged him, though unwillingly, to return to his native country for change of air. Here he soon began to recover rapidly, and was able to rejoin the army almost immediately after the battle of Albuera, in May 1811.

Lord Wellington expressed much pleasure and satisfaction at seeing him again, and his return, as Napier states, was welcomed by the "eager rejoicings of the army." For some months, he and his division of troops remained nearly stationary, and then, by a skilful manœuvre, contrived to surprise the French by coming upon them unawares at Arroyo de Molinos, and completely routed their army; while Girard, the General, whose division had inflicted the greatest annoyances on the northern district of Estremadura, escaped with difficulty. This triumph was the more honourable, and the more gratifying to the humane mind of Hill, from the circumstance of its being achieved almost without loss on the side of the English, while a severe blow was inflicted on the enemy.

Major Sherer, in his "Recollections in the Peninsula," thus adverts to this affair; "One thing in our success at Arroyo de Molinos gratified our division highly; it was a triumph for our General —a triumph *all his own*."

His skill was much praised: the order of the Bath conferred upon him; and he was appointed Governor of Blakeness Castle. An officer in his staff says, "When he was knighted, there was not one of us dared, for nearly six months, to call him Sir Rowland; he was quite distressed at being called anything but 'General,' and it was only very gradually, that he could be driven to bear his honours." The siege of Badajos, in which he assisted, he calls a "glorious and important event, but at the same time, a dear-bought victory;" on account of the number of English killed and wounded.

The taking Almarez was his next exploit. This was an affair of great difficulty, as the rugged mountain on which this town was built rendered it impossible for artillery to be brought along. Late in the evening he led a brigade down the mountain, by a goat's path, and halted near a fort, close to the town, called Fort Napoleon, so as to be concealed by the neighbouring hills. By feigning to attack the path of Mirabete, in the possession of the French, he drew the enemy's soldiers out upon the parapet of the tower, to look at this attack; and then leading his troops in earnest against Fort Napoleon, took them by surprise, before they had time to make any preparations for defence. The confusion that ensued was great, and as the first who fled took away the boats

forming a bridge over the Tagus, on which river the town is situated, no hope of escape remained for the rest; and great numbers fell into the river and were drowned, while many were taken prisoners. The victors soon pointed the guns of Fort Napoleon at another of the enemy's citadels, on the opposite side of the river, and quickly drove out its commandant. The English now wanting to cross the river, some of the men, headed by two grenadiers, who volunteered their services, jumped in, swam over, and brought back the boats. On their return from this perilous adventure, Hill presented each of the leaders with a handsome sum of gold; and the river being quickly passed, a rapid destruction of the towers, stores, ammunition, and lastly, of the boats, followed. At night, the successful troops re-ascended the Sierra, bearing the enemy's colours with them in triumph.

The ladders used in assailing Fort Napoleon were still stained with the blood of the conquerors of Badajos. Speaking of his reasons for refraining from attacking Mirabete, which it was considered most desirable should be in our possession, Lord Hill thus writes; "I regret much that the peculiar situation of Mirabete should have prevented my allowing the gallant corps, under the orders of General Chowne, to follow up an operation which they had commenced with much spirit, and were so anxious to complete; but the possession of these forts would not have made amends for the valuable blood which must have been shed in taking them."

This is one instance among many others of the humane spirit of Hill, to whom the comforts and

lives of the men under his command were ever as dear as his own.

As he afterwards passed this strong fortress, then evacuated by the French, he found that it would have been impossible to have scaled it, for besides the outworks, it consisted of an enormous circular tower, the door of which was half way up—entirely beyond the reach of any ladder. He must have been gratified to find, that by acting as he had done, a great and useless sacrifice of lives had been spared.

After more fighting and manœuvring, he marched his army in safety to Coria, at which place he took up his winter quarters, and did everything in his power to make his troops and officers comfortable, after their late severe privations and fatigues.

A great sensation was created throughout the Allied armies, in the beginning of the year 1812, while they were in winter quarters, by the appearance of Lord Wellington's memorable circular, which was loudly called for, by the demoralized condition, and irregular conduct of the troops at that period. This may be in a great measure attributed to the want of religious instruction among them. The urgent representations, repeatedly made by Lord Wellington to Government, on the subject of this lamentable destitution, were most unaccountably disregarded.

Had the pure doctrines, and holy precepts of our blessed religion been inculcated and impressed upon the minds of the soldiers, and opportunities of regularly attending divine worship afforded them, as must have been the case, if the re-

quests for zealous and efficient clergymen had been granted, the severe punishments, which the Commander-in-Chief was obliged to inflict on many of the offenders, might have been spared.

It is no small credit to Sir Rowland Hill, that the troops under his command were restrained, by his influence, from a commission of many of those excesses which were so deeply deplored, although no General ever used less severity.

The moral influence which this brave commander possessed over his men, and the love which they bore him, justly entitled him to be considered the friend of his officers, and the father of his troops. The following appropriate observations are taken from a letter, written by one of the officers in his division.

"The great foundation of all Sir Rowland Hill's popularity with the troops, was his sterling personal worth, and his heroic spirit; but this popularity was increased and strengthened as soon as he was seen. He was the very picture of an English country gentleman. To those soldiers who came from the rural districts of Old England, he represented Home—his fresh complexion, placid face, kind eyes, kind voice, the total absence of all parade or noise in his habits, delighted them. His displeasure was worse to them than the loudest anger of other Generals; when they saw anxiety in his face that all should be right, they doubly wished it themselves; and when they saw his countenance bright with the expression that all was right, they were glad for him, as well as for themselves."

It was at this time that Hill received the flat-

tering intelligence, that he had been elected Member of Parliament for Shrewsbury.

The departure of Lord Wellington to Cadiz, on business of importance, left Hill in a most responsible situation, as the entire command of the armies devolved upon him. As spring advanced he had to make many long marches. Whilst halting at Galisteo, the 28th regiment, which had been distinguished at Albuera, resolved, on the second anniversary of that battle, to give a dinner to him and the staff. But a difficulty presented itself—they had neither tables nor chairs. This, however, did not deter them, and they supplied the deficiency by the following new and curious expedient. The softest and most even piece of turf being selected, the due length and breadth of a table, fitted for at least a hundred guests, was marked out, the turf carefully pared off, and a trench dug round it large enough for all the company. The centre was then piled with the sods and mould thus excavated, and sufficient earth being removed from underneath to give room for the legs, a capital table was formed, on which they replaced the turf to serve for a tablecloth. Each guest was desired to bring his own knife, and fork, and plate, and requested not to be particular about having them changed. The fare was substantial, and consisted of large roast and boiled joints, good soup in abundance, and excellent pies baked in camp kettles turned upside down.

Soon after this time, the Portuguese division under General Hill's orders, being, through the negligence of those appointed to supply them

with food, in a starving condition; he, notwithstanding the stern but just command of Lord Wellington, that they should look to their legitimate sources for support, could not resist applying to him for permission to give them some meat.

His lordship replied, "You may assist the Conde D'Amarante as you please, but let the Conde know that it is an exception to a rule to which I am determined to adhere, and that he must make his commissaries exert themselves."

A general engagement ensued, in which the French army, after a most desperate struggle, was driven back by the allies in a helpless and confused mass. They fled so fast, that the victors, who had been sixteen hours under arms, and had marched three leagues since day-break, had no chance of overtaking them. Many also could not resist the temptation of stopping to possess themselves of the rich treasures left by the fugitive King Joseph, and his companions. They might be seen on all sides scrambling for the money scattered from the chests, searching the gilded coaches of the court, and drawing forth, with shouts of exultation, the robes, uniforms, court dresses, stars, jewels, plate, and pictures, once the pride of the grandees and hierarchy of Spain. Sir Rowland Hill's corps was principally engaged during the first part of the action, and suffered more than any other.

Three brothers of Sir Rowland were present at this battle, and all with himself escaped uninjured.

He was next engaged in blockading Pampeluna, until some other divisions relieved him, when he marched towards France, constantly skirmishing

with the enemy by the way, and always driving them from their various strong positions. The French were compelled to retreat into their own country, on the 8th of July 1813; and the allies possessed themselves of the most important passes of the Pyrenees.

It is remarkable, that Sir Rowland Hill, who gave the first check to the French cavalry in Egypt, should have the honour of driving the soldiers of Bonaparte from Spain.

In the middle of October 1813, while at Roncesvalles, watching the proceedings of the hostile army, he and his men were much inconvenienced by a great fall of snow. In a letter to Sir George Murray, having stated this, he adds, "I fear it will be impossible to keep our troops on the height, at least while the snow continues to fall, for it drifts to such a degree, as to endanger their being buried; indeed, I understand that three men are missing this morning."

And writing to a friend, he also says, "Dreadful weather for the troops on the mountains; snow, rain, and such tremendous winds that no tents can be used."

In November he assisted in defeating Marshal Soult, at the battle of the Nivelle; and, shortly after, rendered great service by repulsing a formidable attack made upon him by the enemy with a large body of troops. This battle of the Nive was fought and gained by Sir Rowland Hill's corps alone, and unaided, Lord Wellington arriving at the instant of victory, in an ecstacy of joy, caught him by the hand and said, "Hill, the day is your own." And writing to Sir John

Kennedy, his lordship says, "Sir Rowland Hill has given the enemy a terrible beating."

In the commencement of 1814, Hill was actively employed in adopting measures to prevent the enemy's boats from navigating the Adour. Musketry being ineffectual to stop them, he was desired by Lord Wellington to fire red-hot shot, which method proved successful.

Then followed the battles of Orthez, Aire, and Tarbes, in all of which Hill, as usual, signalized himself.

In the midst of these successes, his joy was damped by the announcement from home of the death of his eldest brother, Colonel Hill, a man whose benevolent and amiable character rendered him generally beloved. This lamented officer had, after quitting the army, raised and organized an effective regiment of cavalry in his native county.

After Sir Rowland's attack on Tarbes, the French fled in all directions, with considerable loss, and Soult retired on Toulouse. In compliance with Lord Wellington's directions, Hill put the troops under his immediate orders in motion, and by the 3d of April, 1814, had advanced to Toulouse, and his officers occupied the beautiful villas of the suburbs. On the following day, being Easter Sunday, was fought the battle of Toulouse, in which the French were driven from the field, and forced to take shelter within the city. This desecration of the Sabbath, and immense sacrifice of life on both sides, is the more to be lamented, as Napoleon had already abdicated the throne of France.

Upon the receipt of this intelligence from Paris, Soult proposed an armistice, which Lord Wellington, after some deliberation and delay, acceded to. Peace being thus restored, Sir Rowland was anxious to return to his family at Hawkstone, and declined a lucrative post offered him by Lord Wellington, in order that he might have leisure to attend to the interests of his late brother's widow and children. He was now, together with four other generals, who had, like himself, been distinguished in the late campaign, raised to the peerage, while their illustrious Commander-in-Chief was created Duke of Wellington.

On his way to Hawkstone, Hill passed some time in London, when he took his seat in Parliament, and was presented by the Lord Mayor with a sword, and the freedom of the city.

All the large towns through which he passed shewed him tokens of respect. At Birmingham, a sword was presented to him with this motto, "Take it, my Lord, and it will not fail you." Hill said in reply, "Trust it to me, and I will not disgrace it."

When he visited Shrewsbury, he found the streets filled with thousands of people, who poured in from every quarter. The trees, on the sides of the road by which he entered, were adorned with flowers, and the road itself strewed with them. Thirteen thousand children of the charity and Sunday schools were placed so as to be among the first to greet him with their shouts and rejoicing. The Yeomanry came out to be reviewed by him, and to form part of the procession that accompanied him to the town. Fourteen troops

of cavalry followed, while the gaily decorated fronts of the houses were occupied by ladies, who waved their handkerchiefs as he passed. A grand dinner was given at the Guild Hall. Lord Hill's venerable father was among the guests, and also the amiable and much beloved Bishop Heber, who spoke on the occasion.

On the occasion of presenting Lord Hill and his gallant brothers with the freedom of the city of Shrewsbury, it was determined, that the ceremony should take place in the beautiful gardens of Mr. Rocke, which faced the quarry, a wide public promenade, in order that the populace might be gratified with the sight.

When the ceremony was concluded, Lord Hill addressed the immense concourse of spectators from the back of a sunk fence. The shaking-hand mania—which in the metropolis had arrived at such a height, on occasion of the visit of the illustrious and distinguished heroes at the termination of the long and awful war, that old General Blucher, quite wearied with it, one day lifting up his aching arm, exclaimed, "Me shake at hands none more,"—had reached the provinces: hundreds of hands were extended over the bank, which Lord Hill perceiving, good-naturedly knelt on the top of the fence, and shook heartily as many as he could reach.

After he had dined at Mr. Rocke's, although he had repeatedly shewn himself on the terrace, the people insisted on his coming out among them. An escort of gentlemen was formed to attend him, but so great was the rush made on his appearance, to get near him, that he was obliged to retreat;

afterwards laughingly observing, "I never did fly from the fury of my enemies, but I have been now obliged to do so from the kindness of my friends."

In addition to these transient honours, his native county erected a splendid Doric pillar, near Shrewsbury, which was designated "Lord Hill's column."

But the rank and honour to which he was now elevated, did not make Lord Hill unmindful of the friends of his youth and humbler fortunes. It may be mentioned as an instance, that at Chester, where he had been a school boy, and where he was now welcomed with enthusiasm, as he was passing in triumphal procession along the crowded streets, he suddenly waved his hand with great emotion towards a window, crowded with ladies, and exclaimed to one among them, whom his quick eye had discerned, "I shall be with you at breakfast to-morrow." This lady proved to be Mrs. Winfield, the widow of his former tutor, whom he had always visited whenever he had an opportunity."

One day, soon after one of his most brilliant achievements, she reminded him of his extreme sensitiveness as a boy, and said, that she wondered how he could have acted with such coolness and vigour as he did, in the midst of the most dreadful scenes of carnage and bloodshed. To this he replied, "I have still the same feelings, but in the excitement of battle all individual sensation is lost sight of."

Before he had been long at home, Lord Hill was offered the command in America, which at

first he refused, but afterwards reluctantly accepted. It being, however, considered unnecessary to send such a force to that country as would be fit for him to command, his services were dispensed with. A proposition was next made to him, in an autograph letter, from his Royal Highness, the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, of the command in Scotland. This appointment he declined, and remained with his family during the autumn and winter.

While in London, with his sister, the following spring, Bonaparte returned from Elba. Hill was sent for suddenly to a meeting of the cabinet, and informed by the ministers, that they were apprehensive of an action being risked on the frontier of the Netherlands, which might prove disastrous. Being asked if he would go there, as his influence might operate to prevent it, he answered that he would the next morning. In relating this afterwards to a friend, he added, "I went home, got ready, and set off; and was able to keep all right till the arrival of the Duke of Wellington."

When Hill arrived at Brussels, he had an interview with the Prince of Orange, and recommended him, as he had been instructed, to use the utmost caution on the part of the forces under his command, and assured him, that it was deemed of the greatest consequence that the army under the charge of His Royal Highness should be preserved in an efficient state, until a greater mass of force could be brought forward. Shortly afterwards, being stationed at Grammont, he found himself almost close to his old opponent Girard, with whom he had contended so successfully at Arroyo de Molinos.

The next event of importance was the battle of Waterloo. The night previous to the battle was passed by Lord Hill and his staff in a small house by the side of the road that led from Brussels to the field. At the commencement of the day, his corps was on a slope to the right of the Nivelle road, but later it advanced, and was soon engaged in the thickest of the fight. Lord Hill himself was on a little rise, from which he could see the enemy's movements. This was a post of great danger, from its exposure to the shot, which flew about him in every direction. When the dreadful attack, which he had for some time foreseen, was made by the imperial guards, he placed himself at the head of a brigade, and assisted greatly in giving the last decisive repulse to the choicest troops of Napoleon. Towards the end of the fight, Lord Hill's horse was shot under him, and he was rolled over, and severely bruised. It was for some time feared that he had been killed, but his brother officers were greatly rejoiced when he rejoined them not seriously hurt. At night, when the battle was over, he and his staff again occupied the little cottage they had quitted in the morning. The party was nine in number, but the only refreshment they could procure after hours of desperate fighting, without a morsel of food was some soup made by Lord Hill's servant with a couple of fowls. All night the groans and cries of the wounded sufferers were almost the only sounds that met their ears. Two of Lord Hill's brothers were wounded, but not dangerously. Lord Hill afterwards said in one of his letters, "I verily believe there never was so tremendous a

battle fought as that of Waterloo: and it is astonishing how any one could escape." He presently adds, "Let us be thankful for all mercies, and never forget that Providence which has protected us, and brought to pass the happy prospect of affairs."

In the Duke of Wellington's despatch from Waterloo, is the following paragraph; "I am also particularly indebted to General Lord Hill, for his assistance and conduct upon this, as upon all other occasions."

Lord Hill's father lived to see five of his sons survivors of the great conflict of Waterloo, and was welcomed at Court, by George IV., then Prince Regent, with this gratifying salutation "I am glad to see the father of so many brave sons."

At Paris, where Hill now went, he participated in many brilliant fêtes, and gave a splendid entertainment himself at the Hotel de Montesquieu, which he occupied; but whenever he could, he escaped from these scenes of feasting and gaiety, into the open country, near the Bois de Boulogne, where he could enjoy quietude and repose. At Cambray, where he remained some time, he had a very narrow escape, as he was pursuing his favourite diversion of boar hunting. Having posted himself at the edge of a wood, a boar, which some of the hunters had driven out, rushed furiously towards him. Every one was in great alarm for his safety, but he, coolly awaiting its approach, as soon as it came within reach of a short spear that he had in his hand, gave it a thrust in the nose, which made it turn on one side, and then seizing

the opportunity, plunged the weapon into its heart.

In 1817, while still at a chateau near Cambray, he had a severe illness. He thus mentions the circumstance. "I have indeed, my dear sister, suffered a good deal. God Almighty has, however, enabled me to bear up against all the attacks, and has restored me to a state of mind and body, calm and composed." After his recovery he, accompanied by several friends and members of his family, made the tour of the Netherlands. At Waterloo, the party visited the cottage where Lord Hill had passed the night before and after the battle, and the old woman who resided there was greatly surprised and delighted to see Lord Hill and Colonel Egerton again.

On the termination of his duties at Cambray, Lord Hill came to England. At Hawkstone, he had the pleasure of meeting his father, and his ten remaining brothers and sisters, besides the widow of his eldest brother, with her children, whom he loved as if they had been his own. Amidst the ease and enjoyments of home, the chief anxiety of this amiable man seemed to be, to add to the comforts and cheerfulness of all around him. His farm and garden occupied a portion of his time, and he was also fond of hunting, shooting, and fishing. The farmers were all delighted to see him, when he rested in their houses on his shooting excursions. He would play with their children in a kind and engaging manner, taking them on his knee, and amusing them in every way he could devise.

King George IV. was much attached to him,

and selected him to bear the standard of England at his Coronation. In the year 1824, Lord Hill lost his father, Sir John Hill, at the advanced age of eighty-three. In the autumn of 1827, the command of the army in India was offered to him, but he declined it. The next year, the Duke of Wellington resigned the office of Commander-in-Chief, and at his particular request Lord Hill was appointed senior General upon the staff, performing the duties of Commander-in-Chief. This office he retained, discharging its arduous duties in such a manner as to give general satisfaction, until the year 1842, when his health declining, he was obliged to relinquish it. He seemed for a time to be somewhat revived by the air of his native county, to which he now returned, and was able, occasionally, to amuse himself, by superintending little farming improvements on his estate at Hardwick.

On his first arrival in Shropshire after his resignation, he expressed great thankfulness at having escaped from London, particularly on account of the pleasure it gave him to spend his Sundays in the country, as the heat and crowd of the churches in town so completely overpowered him, that he was frequently compelled to stay at home. He, however, never failed to go every Sunday to the village Church near Hardwick, where, as Mr. Sidney, an intimate friend, remarks, "It was most pleasing to observe the fervour of his devotion, and his anxiety to attend the services of the day."

His piety was conspicuous in his last illness, as it had been during his whole life. He frequently

spoke with great earnestness of his approaching death, and his hopes of mercy through the atonement and all-sufficient merits of his Saviour. When he grew too weak to leave the house, one of his nephews, who was a clergyman, read prayers and a sermon to him at home, every Sunday. At length, he became exceedingly overcome with torpor, and passed the greatest part of his time in sleep. However, he seldom awoke without desiring his nephew to come and pray with him, and read him short portions of the Scriptures. On one occasion he selected the fifty-first Psalm, "Have mercy upon me, O God, after thy great goodness; according to the multitude of thy mercies, do away mine offences;" as particularly suitable to the state of his feelings. On Saturday, the 10th of December, when he had for some time appeared scarcely conscious even of the presence of his friends, and no longer replied to any question, his nephew asked if he should pray with him? Hill immediately raised his head, and clasped his hands in the attitude of prayer. Shortly after this, he gave one faint sigh, and expired.

So much was he beloved, and so great was the interest felt about him, that during his illness inquiries poured in from all quarters.

The Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir Rowland Hill on the death of his "old companion and friend," as he termed Lord Hill, contains the following passage:—

"You may conceive, better than I can express, how much I have felt his loss. More than thirty-five years have elapsed since I had the satisfaction of being first connected with, and assisted by

him, in the public service; and I must say, that from that moment up to the latest period of his valuable life, nothing ever occurred to interrupt for one moment the friendly and intimate relations which subsisted between us."

Lord Hill had particularly desired that his funeral should be private, and his family, therefore, declined the offer of the Corporation of Shrewsbury to attend, as well as many other similar tokens of respect. He was interred in the little village church of Hadnall, on the 10th of December, 1842. Although it was agreed that there should be no public demonstrations of feeling, on this melancholy occasion, yet, a recruiting party of the 53rd Regiment, which the deceased had once commanded, came of their own accord, formed in line, and saluted the funeral procession as it passed. In Shrewsbury, and other towns, peals of muffled bells, and a total suspension of business, shewed the veneration felt by the inhabitants for the memory of the greatest ornament of their county.

The friendship and esteem which this distinguished man won from the Great, the Brave, and the Good,—the love and respect entertained for him by all classes of people;—the fact, that during the whole course of his long and eventful life he did not make a single personal enemy,—are high encomiums on his character, and speak more forcibly in his praise than pages of the most laboured eulogy. But remarkable as he was for humanity, for gentleness of temper, for kindness, charity, and benevolence, none of his virtues or good qualities will be longer and more

deservedly remembered, than the considerate care and anxious concern he invariably manifested for the comfort and welfare of those under his command, which procured for him the gratifying and endearing appellation of "The Soldier's Friend."

JOHN MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London, on the ninth of December, 1608.*

His father, who was a scrivener, appears to have been very solicitous about his education, for he received his first instructions from a private tutor, Mr. Young, a man of considerable learning and abilities. He was then sent to St. Paul's School, whence he was removed, in his sixteenth year, to Christ's College, Cambridge; which he entered as a pensioner.

He was, at this time, a good Latin scholar; and, at the age of fifteen, versified two Psalms which he thought worthy of publication, but they did not give evidence of remarkable talent.

Many of his elegies were written in his eighteenth year, and he had then read all the best Latin authors, so as to be familiar with their works. He was the first Englishman who, after the revival of polite literature, wrote Latin verses with classical elegance and purity. He took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, and, on leaving col-

* The following is an extract from the Register of Baptisms of Allhallows Church, Bread Street, London:—"The 20th day of December, 1608, was also baptized John the Sonne of John Mylton, Scrivener."

lege, returned to the house of his father, who then resided at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, where he remained five years. The greater part of this time was passed in reading Greek and Latin, but he found leisure to write the Masque of Comus which was acted at Ludlow, by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughter. The idea of the plot of this exceedingly beautiful poem was suggested by an adventure that happened to the three children of this nobleman, who, in passing through Heywood forest, with some of their relatives, were benighted, and the daughter, Lady Alice Egerton, for a short time lost.

His next composition was "Lycidas," an elegy written on the death of the son of Sir John King, Secretary for Ireland. He is supposed about this period to have also written his "Arcades," for while living at Horton he occasionally passed a few days at the house of the Countess of Derby, at Harefield, where the "Arcades," formed part of a dramatic entertainment.

He now began to grow tired of the country, and had some thoughts of taking chambers in one of the Inns of Courts, when losing his mother, he determined to travel; and accordingly, in the year 1638, quitted England for the Continent. After visiting Paris, he went to Italy; and stayed two months at Florence, where his compositions met with great applause. He passed some time both at Rome and Naples. At the latter place, a hermit, with whom he accidentally became acquainted, introduced him to Manso, Marquis of Villa, formerly the patron of Tasso. It was Milton's intention to have made the tour of Italy and Greece;

but hearing of the dissension existing between Charles the First and the Parliament, he resolved to hasten his return home, because he could not bear to spend his life in amusements abroad, while his countrymen, in England, were contending for what he considered their rights. Some merchants informed him that the Jesuits had laid plots against him, because of his religious opinions: and he had besides offended them by visiting the great astronomer Galileo, then kept a prisoner by the Inquisition, for his discoveries in astronomy, or, as it was termed, for philosophical heresy; but he, nevertheless, remained two months longer at Rome and went on to Florence without molestation. Having visited Lucca, Venice, and Geneva, where he became acquainted with John Diodati and Frederic Spanheim, two learned professors of divinity, he passed through France, and returned to his native country, after an absence of a year and three months.

He now engaged lodgings at the house of a tailor, in St. Bride's Churchyard, and undertook the education of his two nephews, John and Edward Philips. Finding his rooms too small he took a house and garden, in what was then one of the suburbs of London, but which is now in the heart of the city, and known by the name of Aldersgate Street. Here he received more boys to be boarded and instructed.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of this circumstance, says,—

"Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance, on the man who

hastens home because his countrymen are contending for liberty, and when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school.

"This," he continues, "is the period of his life from which all his biographers seem inclined to shrink. They are unwilling that Milton should be degraded to a schoolmaster; but since it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing; and another that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuse an act which no wise man will consider as, in itself, disgraceful. His father was alive—his allowance was not ample; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment."

It is related that he performed wonders in the art of education, and a formidable catalogue is given of the Greek and Latin authors read by his pupils, between ten and fifteen years of age.

"But," to use the words of the great Moralist before quoted, "those who tell or receive these stories should consider that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the horseman must be limited by the power of the horse. Every man that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recal vagrant attention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehensions!"

In his school, as in everything else w hich he undertook, Milton laboured with great diligence. In one respect at least he deserves general imita-

tion, namely, the carefulness with which he instructed his scholars in the precepts and duties of religion. He himself set them an example of hard study and extreme temperance, except now and then when he passed a day of festivity with some friends who lived in Gray's Inn.

After a year and a half spent in sedulous attention to the duties of his new profession, Milton began to take a part in the controversies of the times, siding with the Puritans, for the following strange and unsatisfactory reason, that "they were inferior to the prelates in learning."

His father now came to reside with him, and assist in his increasing school. At the age of thirty-four he married the daughter of Mr. Powell, a justice of the peace in Oxfordshire, and brought her to London, anticipating much happiness in her society; but his hermit-like mode of life was uncongenial to her taste, and only a month after her marriage she begged to be allowed to return to her family and friends for the remainder of the summer; which request was granted, upon her promising to come back at Michaelmas.

When that period arrived, the lady shewed no inclination to return to her husband. He sent her several letters, but receiving no answer, despatched a messenger, who was sent back with contempt. This conduct made him extremely angry, and he carried his anger so far as to determine on procuring a divorce from her whom he had married without sufficiently studying her character, and, as it is to be feared, without much affection. However, one day when at the house of a relation near St. Martin's-le-Grand, he was surprised to see his

wife rush into the room where he was sitting, and falling on her knees implore forgiveness.

For some time he was so forgetful of Christian duty as to resist her entreaties; but at last he promised to forget what had passed, and domestic peace was once more established.

He seems, at this period, to have changed sides in politics without any good reason; but whatever business occupied him, poetry was never long out of his thoughts, and in 1645 the "Allegro" and "Penseroso" made their appearance amongst a collection of his Latin and English poems.

His wife's father, brothers, and other relatives, who were royalists, being now persecuted and in distress, he kindly allowed them all to take refuge in his house, where they remained until the murder of the unfortunate Charles I.

After this event, Milton was made Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and became much involved in political disputes; writing and publishing many books against the views and opinions of the royalists, which were much admired and extensively read by that party which had overthrown the Church and murdered the King.

When about forty-four, Milton had the misfortune to lose his sight, which had long been failing. At the time that Cromwell assumed the title of Protector, he had been blind for several years, but such was the vigour of his intellect, that he continued to discharge the duties of his office, and to write on controversial subjects, as he had previously done.

He alludes to his loss of sight in one of the most beautiful passages of his "Paradise Lost."

"Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose;
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and everduring dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with an universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather, thou celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

His first wife died in the year 1652, leaving him three daughters; and he not long afterwards married the daughter of a Captain Woodcock, of Hackney, of whom nothing is related by his biographers, except that she did not survive her marriage a year.

His agency in State affairs was considered of great importance; and upon one occasion, when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the reason publicly alleged for the delay, was Milton's indisposition; whereupon the Swedish Ambassador, much irritated, said, "that he wondered there should only be one man in England who could write Latin, and that man blind!"

At the age of forty-seven he abandoned politics, and set about performing the three great works which he had planned for his future employment, namely, an epic poem, the history of his native country, and a dictionary of the Latin language.

The last two undertakings were never completed, owing to the difficulties which he encoun-

tered in their prosecution, in consequence of his blindness; although the dictionary, which he had commenced before he had the misfortune to lose his sight, continued to occupy his mind and powers almost to the time of his death.

But in writing his "Paradise Lost," so great was his store of knowledge of every description, that his loss of sight was hardly felt as a disadvantage.

On the restoration of Charles II., Milton was of course deprived of his office of Secretary, and was, or at least supposed himself to be, in danger on account of the democratic opinions which he had maintained.

Richardson relates in his memoirs of this great poet, that he was taken prisoner and condemned to death, when Davenant, whom Milton had by his exertions prevented from suffering a similar fate at the time the Republican party were in power, interfered, and was the means of preserving his life.

Another account is given by Cunningham in his "History of Great Britain," who tells us that Milton saved himself by pretending to be dead, and having a public funeral procession. "The King," adds this historian, "applauded his policy in escaping the punishment of death, by a seasonable show of dying."

The publication of the Act of Oblivion, relieved him from any further apprehension, and on his release from prison he removed to Jewin Street, in the City, and being blind and in want of a companion, married a third time. This does not appear to have been more fortunate than his two former marriages, for the lady, as Philips

one of his grandsons, relates, oppressed his children in his life-time, and cheated them after his death.

The next year he published a short treatise on grammar, "which," says Dr. Johnson, "has nothing remarkable but that its author, who had been lately defending the supreme powers of his country, and was then writing 'Paradise Lost,' should descend from his elevation to rescue children from the perplexity of grammatical confusion and the trouble of lessons unnecessarily repeated."

About this time a quaker, named Elwood, volunteered to read Latin to him for the advantage of his conversation. Milton required that Elwood should make himself familiar with the continental mode of pronouncing that language, as he could not bear to hear it read in any other manner. Elwood did as he was requested; and Milton, whose quick ear enabled him instantly to tell, by his companion's voice, whenever he did not understand what he read, would always stop and explain the difficult passage.

His time was now almost always occupied by his poem. When he had composed as many lines as he could well remember, he would employ any friend who might happen to be with him to write them down, so that the manuscript must have presented a curious variety of handwriting. He seems to have been possessed with the idea that he could only compose between the autumnal and vernal equinoxes. Some of his biographers state, that it was the spring and summer in which he wrote; but all seem to agree, that for some months of every year he believed that it was useless to

invoke his muse, and during that period never attempted poetry.

When the plague raged in London, Milton went to Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, where he first shewed his friend Elwood a complete copy of the "Paradise Lost." Next year, when the danger of infection had ceased, he returned to his house in London, and having obtained a licence, which was at that time necessary, his poem was published. The manuscript was sold to a bookseller for the sum of five pounds, with a stipulation that he should receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred copies of the work, which first appeared in a small quarto edition, were sold, and also five pounds after the sale of the same number of each of the two next editions.

It is a great mistake to imagine that Milton's works, during his life-time, were unvalued or neglected; on the contrary, the sale of thirteen hundred copies in two years, notwithstanding the small number of readers,—the limited call for books in that day,—the odium incurred by the author from his adherence to the party of the usurper,—and the versification of the poem in a style, new to all, and disagreeable to many, is a striking instance of the triumph of genius.

To prove the paucity of readers, it may be mentioned that the public had from 1623 to 1661, a period of forty-one years, been satisfied with only two editions of the works of Shakspeare, which, probably, did not, together, amount to a thousand copies.

The "Paradise Lost" continued steadily to advance in the good opinion of the public, although

Milton's admirers did not dare to publish their praise, until the commencement of the Revolution, when secrecy being no longer necessary, the work openly met with the approbation it so richly merited.

In the meantime he continued his studies; and not content with the assistance of friends, who eagerly caught at the opportunity of being his readers, he compelled his two younger daughters to perform the office, having taught them to read and pronounce the Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French languages; so that they could read to him in whichever he pleased.

To be obliged, for hours, to read books of which they did not understand a single word, must, indeed, have been wearying and irksome, almost beyond the power of endurance. Yet it was borne by both for a long time, until, at length, the expressions of impatience and dislike of the employment, which they could not repress, caused Milton to dispense with their services, and the two girls, with their elder sister, who had only been excused on account of her bodily weakness and imperfection of speech, were sent to learn almost the only things which it was then deemed necessary or expedient women should be taught—needlework and embroidery.

Three years after the publication of the "Paradise Lost," his "Samson Agonistes," and "Paradise Regained," made their appearance. Milton himself states, that he wrote this last work in consequence of a remark made by his friend Elwood, who observed to him, "You have said a great deal about Paradise *lost*, what have you to

say upon Paradise *found?*" Inferior as this poem is to its predecessor, it was Milton's favourite, and he could never bear to hear the preference given to "Paradise Lost."

His love for controversy now revived, and he wrote a tract against Popery.

He continued to write and publish works upon various subjects until within the last year of his life. At the age of sixty-five, he died of an attack of the gout, from which complaint he had long suffered, on the 10th of November, 1674, and was buried in the chancel of St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate. His funeral was very splendid and numerously attended.

Milton was below the middle stature, and in his youth so eminently handsome, that he was called the lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown colour, hung in curls upon his shoulders, according to the description he has given of Adam. Indeed it is said, that the entire portrait of Adam is drawn from himself, as that of Eve is from one of his wives.

In the earlier years of his life he was in the habit of studying late at night, but afterwards adopted the plan of retiring to rest at nine, and rising at four in summer, and five in winter.

The following account is given of the manner in which he passed the day, after he became blind:—

"When he first rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then studied till twelve; then took some exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ, and sang or heard another sing: then studied till six; then entertained his

visitors till eight; then supped; and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water, went to bed."

We cannot but suppose that this regularity was often interrupted. "He that lives in the world," remarks Dr. Johnson, "will sometimes have the succession of his practice broken and confused. Visitors, of whom Milton is represented to have had great numbers, will come and stay unseasonably; business, of which every man has some, must be done when others will do it."

Although his "Paradise Lost" was not commenced until he was considerably advanced in years, yet he seems, all his life, to have contemplated the undertaking some work that should be of use to, or confer honour upon, his country; and in a book published when he was thirty-two, after having promised to do so, he continues, "This is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which, in some measure be compassed, I refuse not to sustain this expectation."

Johnson observes of Milton, that he seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others: the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful.

And Cowper, when speaking of the style of this great poet, remarks with great truth, "that he is never quaint, but everywhere grand and elegant, without resorting to musty antiquity for his beauties. On the contrary, he took a long stride forward—left the language of his own day far behind him—and anticipated the expressions of a century yet to come."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Joseph Addison, the son of Launcelot Addison, D.D., was born on the 11th of May, 1672, at Milston, a village in Wiltshire. His father, then rector of that place, and afterwards prebendary of Sarum, dean of Lichfield, and archdeacon of Coventry, was a man of great natural abilities, and author of several works, which evince that his literary attainments were of no ordinary character. The subject of this memoir received the first rudiments of education at the place of his nativity, under the tuition of Mr. Naish, a clergyman, but was soon removed to Salisbury, and from thence to the Charter-house. At fifteen he was entered at Queen's College, Oxford, where he applied very closely to the study of classical learning, in which he made a surprising proficiency.

In the year 1687, Dr. Lancaster, dean of Magdalen College, having, by chance, seen a Latin poem of Addison's, was so pleased with it that he immediately got him elected into that college, where he took the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts. His Latin pieces, in the course of a few years, were exceedingly admired in both the uni-

versities, nor were they less esteemed abroad, particularly by Boileau, the celebrated French author, who was first led to think highly of the English genius for poetry by their perusal. He published nothing in English before the twenty-second year of his age, when there appeared a copy of verses written by him to Dryden, which met with great approbation from the best judges.

At the Charter-house school he first formed that intimacy with Sir Richard Steele, which their joint literary labours afterwards so effectually recorded. Addison was strongly pressed, when at the university, to enter into holy orders, and had once resolved upon doing so; but his great modesty, his natural diffidence, and an uncommonly delicate sense of the importance of the sacred office, joined to the advice of his friend, Mr. Montague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, made him afterwards alter his resolution. Having expressed to one of his patrons, Sir John Somers, a great inclination to travel, that gentleman, by his interest, procured him a pension from government of three hundred pounds a-year to defray his expenses. He accordingly made a tour to Italy in the year 1699, and two years after wrote a poetical epistle from that country to the Earl of Halifax. In 1702 he was about to return to England, when he received an appointment to attend Prince Eugene, then in command of the Imperial troops in Italy; but the death of William the Third happening soon after, put an end to this affair, as well as to his pension, and he remained a considerable time unemployed. During this period, however, Addison was not idle, but sedulously applied himself

to the cultivation of his mind, until at length an unexpected incident gave him an opportunity of displaying his talents to advantage. Lord Godolphin, happening to complain to Lord Halifax that the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim had never been celebrated in verse in the manner it deserved, asked that nobleman if he could name a person capable of doing justice to the subject. Lord Halifax replied that he did know of such a person, but refused to mention him, "Because," he added, "I have long seen, with indignation, men of no merit maintained in luxury at the public expense, while those of real worth and modesty are suffered to languish in want and obscurity."

To this the Lord Treasurer answered that he was sorry there should be occasion for such a remark; but that he would do his best to wipe off such reproaches for the future; and, on his pledging his honour that whoever his lordship named as adequate to the task should be suitably recompensed, Lord Halifax mentioned Addison.

The proposal was, by direction of the Treasurer, made to our author by Mr. Boyle, in so polite and flattering a manner, that he readily accepted it. Lord Godolphin having seen the first part of the work before the whole was finished, was so pleased with it, that he appointed him Commissioner of Appeals.

The ensuing year, he accompanied Lord Halifax into Holland, and in 1706 was made private secretary to the Secretary of State, in which office he acquitted himself ably.

About this time, there being a great taste for

Italian operas, he wrote the opera of "Rosamond," wishing to try the effect that a composition of this sort with English words would have upon the stage; but, probably owing to the badness of the music to which it was adapted, this undertaking did not succeed.

On the 1st of March, 1711, the first number of the "Spectator" made its appearance. Of the extraordinary popularity of this celebrated periodical, the fact that more than twenty thousand copies were often sold in one day, would alone bear sufficient testimony.

But, although his literary fame was raised very high by the publication of the "Tatler" and "Spectator," the former of which works is supposed to have been commenced by his friend Steele whilst he was in Ireland, without his knowledge; yet it was not until the appearance of "Cato" that his reputation reached its greatest height. This celebrated tragedy was planned by the author when he was very young, and principally written abroad. For a long time he had no intention of bringing it forward on the stage, but at length, yielding to the earnest and frequently repeated solicitations of his friends, it was exhibited at the theatre, with a prologue written by Pope. It met with uncommon success, being played thirty-five nights without interruption, and then discontinued only on account of the illness of one of the principal actors. "Cato" was no less admired on the Continent, having been translated into French, Italian, and German. It was acted at Leghorn, and several other places, with immense applause; and the Jesuits of St. Omer made a Latin version of it,

which was got up with great magnificence, and acted by the students of the college.

Before the arrival of George the First, Addison was made Secretary to the Regency, and was required by his office to send notice to that monarch of the death of Queen Anne, and the vacancy of the throne of England. He was so long in performing this, thinking that such a subject required so much consideration as to the best manner of expressing it, and was so perplexed with the choice of terms, that the lords, who could not be thus kept waiting, called a man of the name of Southwell, a clerk in the house, and desired him to despatch the message. Southwell readily wrote what was necessary, in the common-place style of business, and boasted that he had performed what was too difficult for Addison. A striking instance of absurd and overweening self-conceit is here afforded us; and it may also be remarked how much more frequently this defect is found in ignorant and inferior minds than in those who are justly distinguished above the common herd for wisdom and learning.

In 1716 Addison married the widow of the Earl of Warwick, whom he had long courted. It seldom happens that unequal marriages are productive of happiness to either party; and this was exemplified in the case of Addison and his wife. He first became acquainted with her from being tutor to her son; and the lady always remembered her own rank, and treated her husband with very little consideration.

The year after this ill-assorted union Addison rose to his highest elevation, being made Secretary

of State, but appears to have proved himself unequal to the duties of his situation. Having no powers of oratory, he could not speak in the House of Commons; and in the office he could not issue an order without losing his time, and causing inconvenient delay, by waiting to express it in fine and elaborate language. Finding, by experience, his utter inability for public business, he solicited his dismission, which was granted, with a pension of 1500*l.* a year.

In his retirement, although suffering from declining health, he applied himself with diligence to the completion of a work entitled "Evidences of the Christian Religion;" and intended to have made an English paraphrase of some of the Psalms. But his complaints, asthma and dropsy, increased, and he was forced, reluctantly, to abandon his designs. He died on the 17th of June, 1719, at Holland-house, in the forty-eighth year of his age.

Pope relates, that, during his last illness, he sent for the poet Gay, who had not visited him for some time before. Addison told him that he had injured him, but that, if he recovered, he would make him full amends. What this injury was he did not explain, nor did Gay himself ever know. It is supposed, however, that some piece of preferment intended for Gay was withheld in consequence of Addison's interference. Another death-bed interview, of a more solemn nature, is also recorded. It should first be mentioned that his son-in-law, Lord Warwick, was a very wild young man, of libertine and irregular habits, and possessing no fixed principles. He, notwith-

standing, entertained sentiments of considerable respect for Addison, who had used great exertions to reclaim him; but his good advice and kind admonitions had no effect upon the young man. Determined to try once more, Addison, when he found that he had but a short time longer to live, sent for Lord Warwick, who lost no time in hastening to his bed-side, and, much affected, desired to hear his last wishes and injuctions.

"I have sent for you," said Addison, "that you may see how a Christian can die."

It would be interesting to know what effect this awful scene had upon the dissolute young earl; we may hope that it led him to serious thought and sincere repentance, but of this we have no account. It is certain that, if he proposed reformation and a change of conduct, no time was allowed him to put his good resolutions in practice, for very shortly after the death of his father-in-law he himself died.

It has been observed by several of Addison's biographers, that he employed wit on the side of virtue and religion. His writings did much towards improving the depraved manners, and checking the vicious habits, prevalent in his day, and mingled instruction with amusement in a striking degree.

He had the distinguished merit of being the first author who sought to reform and improve the age in which he lived, by boldly censuring its vices, and exposing its follies, yet in so clever and agreeable a manner, as to render his writings eagerly perused by all classes.

Dr. Johnson says, in his Life of this great man,

"Before the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' if the writers for the theatre are excepted, England had no masters of common life. We had many books to teach us our more important duties, and to settle opinions in Philosophy or Politics, but an *Arbiter Elegantiarum*, a judge of propriety, was yet wanting, who should survey the track of daily conversation, and free it from thorns and prickles, which tease the passer, though they do not wound him."

"For this purpose," he adds, "nothing is so proper as the frequent publication of short papers, which we read not as study but amusement. If the subject be slight, the treatise is short. The busy may find time, and the idle may find patience."

One of his contemporaries relates an anecdote of him, which may amuse our readers. Addison was very intimate with Mr. Temple Stanyan, author of a history of Greece. In the familiar conversations which the two friends frequently had together, they were accustomed to dispute each other's opinions, without reserve. It once happened that Addison lent Mr. Stanyan five hundred pounds. After this, Stanyan, instead of conversing with the same frankness, and canvassing his friend's opinions with the same freedom as formerly, became constrained, deferential, and timid in his manner. This change gave Addison great uneasiness. Matters had continued thus some time, when, one day, in discoursing together, a subject was introduced on which Stanyan had been used strenuously to oppose his friend's opinion; but now, even upon this point, he gave way to what Addison advanced, without attempting to dispute what he said, or interposing

his own view of the case. This annoyed and hurt Addison so much, that he exclaimed, "Either contradict me, or pay me the money!"

There is much in the character of Addison that merits our admiration. Among his many good qualities may be mentioned a high sense of honour, and unimpeachable integrity, although tempting bribes were frequently offered him by those who wished to secure his assistance and interest with the Court.

The following letter affords so pleasing an illustration of his feeling upon one of these occasions, that we will conclude this short memoir by quoting it. It relates to the case of a Major Dunbar, whom he had sought to serve when in Ireland by his interest with Lord Sunderland, and from whom he had previously refused to accept, first, a three hundred pound bank note, and then a diamond ring of the same value.

"Sir,—I find there is a very strong opposition formed against you, but I shall wait on my lord-lieutenant this morning, and lay your case before him as advantageously as I can, if he is not engaged with other company. I am afraid what you say of his Grace does not portend you any good. And now, sir, believe me, when I assure you, that I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office. I might keep the contrary practice concealed from the world, were I capable of it, but I could not from myself; and I hope I shall always feel the reproaches of my own heart more than those of all mankind. In

the mean time, if I can serve a gentleman of merit, and such a character as you bear in the world, the satisfaction I meet with on such an occasion is always a sufficient, and the only, reward to,

"Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"J. ADDISON."

WILLIAM COWPER.

THIS charming poet was born the 15th of November, 1731, at Great Berkhampstead, in Hertfordshire. His father, a Doctor of Divinity, was Rector of this place, and one of the Chaplains of George the Second. Both his parents were descended from noble and ancient families, his paternal grandfather being brother to William Earl Cowper, and his mother tracing back a relationship to the houses of Boleyn, Howard, and Mowbray, and through them to Henry the Third, King of England.

The simplicity of the times in Cowper's childhood assigned him his first instruction in the day-school of his native village. In one of his poems he thus alludes to the circumstance :—

> "The gard'ner Robin, day by day,
> Drew me to school along the public way,
> Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
> In scarlet mantle warm and velvet capt."

At six years old he had the misfortune to lose his kind and amiable mother. The best account that can be given of his feelings on her death—by which melancholy event, child as he was, he appears to have been deeply affected—is his own.

"I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away;
And turning from my nursery window drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return;
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."

On his mother's death he was placed under the care of Dr. Pitman, who resided a few miles from his home. With this gentleman he remained until he was eight years of age, when the appearance of specks on both his eyes alarmed his father, and the little boy was sent to a celebrated female oculist in London. He remained at her house two years, without deriving any benefit from her remedies; and at the expiration of that period he was sent to Westminster School. When he had been there a short time he caught the small-pox, which disorder, strange to relate, entirely removed the complaint in his eyes.

It does not appear what degree of proficiency in the rudiments of education he had attained before his entrance into this venerable establishment, then under the superintendance of Dr. Nichols, but it is certain that when he quitted it, at the age of eighteen, his scholastic acquirements were of the highest order.

After spending three months with his father at

Berkhampstead, he was articled as clerk, for three years, to a Mr. Chapman, a solicitor, in London; it being the wish of his family that he should adopt the profession of the law. But legal studies possessed no attraction for the poetic and imaginative mind of Cowper, and instead of endeavouring to profit by the instruction he might have received, he passed the greater part of his time at the house of a near relation. This he playfully confesses in a letter written many years afterwards to Lady Hesketh, the daughter of this relative.

"I did actually live three years with Mr. Chapman, that is to say, I slept three years in his house; but I lived, that is to say, I spent my days in Southampton Row, as you very well remember. There was I and the future Lord Chancellor (Lord Thurlow) constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle, instead of studying the law."

And in a more serious letter to his friend Mr. Rose, he makes the following just observations, to which we would earnestly call the attention of our young readers.

"The colour of our whole life is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it. Then it is that we may be said to shape our own destiny, and to treasure up for ourselves a succession of future successes or disappointments."

Cowper's conduct at this time undoubtedly deserves our censure, for, had he seriously reflected on the subject, he must have been fully aware that it was extremely wrong thus to squander so large a portion of his precious time in idleness and un-

profitable pursuits. Well would it have been for him had he remembered the wise advice of one of our poets—

> "But soft, my friend—arrest the present moments,
> For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales,
> And though their flight be silent, and their path
> Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
> They post to Heaven, and there record thy folly;
> Because, though station'd on th' important watch,
> Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
> Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved."

The three years for which he was articled to the solicitor being expired, at the age of twenty-one Cowper took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. By this step he became, or rather ought to have become, a regular student of the law; but the higher branches of jurisprudence were as little capable of fixing his attention, as the elementary parts of that science. He now devoted his hours to poetry and literature, occasionally associating with such of his Westminster school-fellows then resident in London as were distinguished for their literary talents. With the elder Colman, Bonnel Thornton, and Lloyd he was very intimate, assisting the two former in a periodical called the "Connoisseur," in which they were engaged, and writing numerous poems for Lloyd and other friends; so that the twelve years which he spent in the Temple were, if not passed entirely in literary pursuits, so much engrossed by them, as to add little or nothing to the small stock of legal knowledge which he had previously gained from the solicitor.

At the end of this period, there being no prospect of his deriving any income from his profession, and his patrimonial resources being nearly exhausted, our poet found himself not only unable to prosecute his favourite project of marrying, and enjoying domestic felicity, but in danger of suffering from actual want.

His friends probably entertained similar apprehensions, for several among them exerted themselves to procure for him the office of Reading Clerk to the House of Lords; but such was the exquisite sensitiveness of his disposition, that the idea of reading in public caused him feelings of apprehension, amounting even to torture. He begged and received permission to exchange the situation for a much less lucrative, but as he hoped less irksome one, then also vacant, namely, the Clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords, which was supposed to require no attendance whatsoever.

An unlucky dispute in Parliament, however, made it necessary for him to appear before the Bar of the House and prove his ability for the situation. Accordingly he attended daily at the office to examine the journals, but his application was rendered useless, by that excess of diffidence which was inherent to his constitution.

"I read," he says, "without perception, and was so distressed, that, had every clerk in the office been my friend, it would have availed me little; for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it out of manuscripts without direction."

His amiable and grateful disposition would not

suffer him to resign the office, and thus cause the discretion of his benefactor to be called in question, for having nominated him to a place, the duties of which he was unqualified to perform. He determined to make the attempt; but, as the dreaded day approached, his terrors on the occasion rose to such a height, that they not only preyed upon his health, but completely overpowered his reason, and in a state of mental aberration he made several attempts upon his life.

His appearance at the Bar of the House was of course impossible, the office was resigned, and he gradually became more calm; but as he did so a natural horror of his late design, of which he retained some recollection, overwhelmed him with the bitterest and most heart-rending remorse, which contributed greatly to bring on a return of his malady.

He thus affectingly describes his melancholy and truly pitiable state of mind at this time:—

"I never went into the street, but I thought the people stared and laughed at me, and held me in contempt, and I could hardly persuade myself but that the voice of my conscience was loud enough for everybody to hear it. Those who knew me seemed to avoid me; and if they spoke to me they seemed to do it in scorn. I bought a ballad of one who was singing it in the street, because I thought it was written on me. I dined alone, either at the tavern, where I went in the dark; or at the chop-house, where I always took care to hide myself in the darkest corner of the room. I slept generally an hour in the evening, though it was only to be terrified with dreams; and when I

a woke it was some time before I could walk steadily through the passage into the dining-room; I staggered and reeled like a drunken man. The eyes of man I could not bear; but to think that the eyes of God were upon me, which I was assured of, gave me intolerable anguish."

It seems that he was now possessed with the idea that he had committed an unpardonable sin; and neither reason, nor religion, nor the arguments of his affectionate brother, could convince him to the contrary:—

"I had indeed," he writes, "a sense of Eternity impressed upon my mind, which almost amounted to a full comprehension of it. My brother, grieved to the heart with the sight of my misery, tried to comfort me; but all to no purpose. I refused comfort, and my sins appeared to me in such colours, that to administer it to me was only to exasperate me, and mock my fears."

After having experienced a temporary relief from the sensible and religious conversations of his friend Mr. Martin Madan, the dreadful malady, which had so long been hanging over him, assumed a more decided character, and he became really insane. He says:—

"A strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light upon the brain without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and incoherent; all that remained to me, clear, was the sense of sin and the expectation of punishment. These thoughts

kept undisturbed possession of my mind all the way through my illness, without interruption or abatement."

Cowper's brother and friends consulted together on his case, and agreed that he should be removed to St. Alban's, and placed under the care of the skilful and humane Dr. Cotton, who, besides being eminent as a physician, was a scholar and poet, and added to many accomplishments a peculiar sweetness of manners.

Here, after many months of extreme wretchedness, his reason in great measure returned, but it was unaccompanied by hope.

In about three months more, his brother, the Rev. John Cowper, came from Cambridge to visit him. Having heard from Dr. Cotton that the patient was much improved, his kind relative was grieved and disappointed to find him almost as silent and reserved as ever. This Cowper accounts for by saying, "The first sight of my brother struck me with many painful sensations, both of sorrow for my own remediless condition, and envy of his happiness."

As soon as they were alone, his brother asked him how he found himself. Cowper replied, "As much better as despair can make me." But upon his brother's protesting to him that his present opinions were erroneous, and that he laboured under a delusion, Cowper burst into tears, and cried out, "If it is a delusion, then I am the happiest of beings!"

The brothers dined together, and Cowper passed the afternoon more cheerfully. That night he was refreshed with calm and tranquil slee-

and arose the next morning in much better spirits.

He now became capable of seeking and receiving consolation from prayer, and the study of the Holy Scriptures.

A few days before his arrival at St. Alban's he had in a fit of religious despondency thrown aside the Bible, as a book in which, owing to his unworthiness, he could no longer have any interest or concern:—

"The only instance," he says, "in which I can recollect reading a single chapter, was about two months before my recovery. Having found a Bible upon the bench in the garden, I opened it at the eleventh chapter of St. John, where Lazarus is raised from the dead; and saw so much benevolence, mercy, goodness, and sympathy with miserable man in our Saviour's conduct, that I almost shed tears, even after the relation, little thinking that it was an exact type of the mercy that Jesus Christ was on the point of extending towards myself. I sighed and said, 'Oh, that I had not rejected so good a Redeemer, that I had not forfeited all his favour!' Thus," he continues, "was my heart softened, though not yet enlightened. I closed the book without intending to open it again. Having risen with something of a more cheerful feeling, I repaired to the room where breakfast was waiting for me. I was continually more and more persuaded that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation, however, was still hid from my eyes."

At length his despair was, for the time, effectually removed, by the perusal of some of those

consoling passages in the Word of God, which speak of the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice made by our blessed Saviour, on the cross, for the sins of the whole world.

We give his account in his own words :—

"The happy period which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear opening of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus, was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw was the twenty-fifth of the third chapter of Romans—'Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past; through the forbearance of God.' * * * * I saw," continues Cowper, "the sufficiency of the atonement made by the Sun of Righteousness—my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fulness and completeness of his justification."

In the summer of 1765 Cowper quitted St. Alban's, and took lodgings in the town of Huntingdon, where he made acquaintance with the family of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. This friendship, which was productive of the most important benefits to our poet, was commenced accidentally. William Unwin, the son of this clergyman, first observed Cowper in church, and struck by his uncommonly interesting countenance and manners, on the conclusion of the service followed him to a lonely walk, and then entered into conversation with him. In a short time, so great was the pleasure the solitary poet took in the society of his newly acquired friends, that he left his own lodgings to

reside entirely at their house, where he was treated with the tenderest kindness and sympathy, and where he at last regained that happiness and peace of mind to which he had so long been a stranger.

Cowper's mode of life at this period more resembled that of a penitentiary friar, than of a Protestant layman.

He himself describes it in these terms :—

"We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the Scriptures, or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend Divine Service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short we make this excursion in the former part of the day, between church time and dinner. At night we read and converse as before, till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers."

The first interruption to his happiness was the death of Mr. Unwin, who was killed by a fall from his horse, about two years after Cowper came to reside with the family. After this melancholy event he retired with the widow to the village of Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he continued in the same pious and sequestered habits of life which he had adopted since his recovery, till the year 1772, when a second and more protracted visitation of the dreadful malady with which he had previously been afflicted, obscured his reason for the period of eight years, during which he was attended by Mrs. Unwin with a constant and anxious affection, which it was the great study of his after-life to repay.

In 1780 he began gradually to recover, and one of the first objects that engaged his attention was the taming and education of the three young hares, which he afterwards celebrated in verse; and, very soon after, his kind companion prevailed upon him to prepare some moral pieces for publication, in the hope that the writing them might prove a salutary occupation to his mind. Accordingly, at the age of fifty, and at a distance from all the excitement that emulation and ambition usually hold out to a poet, we find Cowper beginning to write.

His literary pursuits had a very beneficial effect upon Cowper, as appears from his own account, in a letter written to his cousin, where he says:—

"Dejection of spirits, which I suppose may have prevented many from becoming an author, made me one. I find constant employment necessary, and therefore take care to be constantly employed.

Manual occupations do not engage the mind sufficiently, as I know by experience, having tried many. But composition, especially of verse, absorbs it wholly. I write therefore generally three hours in a morning, and in an evening I transcribe. I read also, but less than I write."

In another letter he observes:—

"My sole drift is to be useful; a point which, however, I know I should in vain aim at, unless I could be likewise entertaining. I have, therefore, fixed these two strings upon my bow, and by the help of both have done my best to send my arrow to the mark."

In another passage, speaking on the subject of his writings, he says:—

"My labours are principally the production of last winter; all, indeed, except a few of the minor pieces. When I can find no other occupation, I think; and when I think, I am very apt to do it in rhyme. Hence it comes to pass, that the season of the year which generally pinches off the flowers of poetry, unfolds mine, such as they are, and crowns me with a winter garland. In this respect, therefore, I and my contemporary bards are by no means upon a par. They write when the delightful influences of fine weather, fine prospects, and a brisk motion of the animal spirits, make poetry almost the language of nature; and I, when icicles depend from all the leaves of the Parnassian laurel, and when a reasonable man would as little expect to succeed in verse as to hear a blackbird whistle. This must be my apology to you, for whatever want of fire and animation you may observe in what you will shortly

have the perusal of. As to the public, if they like me not, there is no remedy."

His first volume of poetry, which appeared in the year 1781, was not well calculated for becoming popular, and was but little read until the increasing fame of its author brought all his works into notice.

In the latter part of this year Cowper formed an accidental acquaintance with the widow of Sir Thomas Austen, which in spite of his excessive shyness gradually ripened into a warm and mutual friendship. Many of his most celebrated productions were written in consequence of the suggestions of this lady. Whenever she saw him unusually melancholy, she would endeavour to amuse him by her lively and entertaining conversation.

On one occasion, when she happened to form part of the small circle of friends who frequently assembled in the evening at his house, observing that he was labouring under great dejection, she related to him the story of John Gilpin. Its effect on Cowper was magical. He told Lady Austen the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, caused by the recollection of the story, had kept him awake the greater part of the night, and that he had turned it into a ballad.

In the course of the year 1783 she was the means of engaging him in a work of much greater importance. Being a warm admirer of Milton, she often solicited her poet to try his powers in the composition of blank verse. After repeated entreaties, he promised, that, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with her request.

"Oh!" she answered, you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any.—Write upon this sofa."

Cowper obeyed her command; and this was the origin of "The Task."

This poem was finished in less than a year, and on its conclusion he commenced his translation of Homer.

In a letter to Mr. Hill he thus explains the motives which induced him to attempt an undertaking that had been so well performed by the masterly genius of Pope:—

"Knowing it to have been universally the opinion of the literati, ever since they have allowed themselves to consider the matter coolly, that a translation, properly so called, of Homer, is, notwithstanding what Pope has done, a desideratum in the English language, it struck me, that an attempt to supply the deficiency would be an honourable one; and having made myself, in former years, somewhat critically a master of the original, I was by this double consideration induced to make the attempt myself."

In another letter to the same gentleman, speaking of this work, he says:—

"I wish that all English readers had your unsophisticated, or rather unadulterated taste, and could relish simplicity like you. But I am well aware, that in this respect I am under a disadvantage, and that many, especially many ladies, missing many turns and prettinesses of expression that they have admired in Pope, will account my translation in those particulars defective. But I comfort myself with the thought, that in reality

it is no defect; on the contrary, that the want of such embellishments as do not belong to the original will be one of its principal merits with persons indeed capable of relishing Homer. He is the best poet that ever lived, for many reasons, but for none more than for that majestic plainness that distinguishes him from all others. As an accomplished person moves gracefully without thinking of it, in like manner the dignity of Homer seems to have cost him no labour. It was natural to him to say great things, and to say them well, and little ornaments were beneath his notice."

In "The Task" Cowper may be said to have introduced, or rather invented, a new species of blank verse, a medium and connecting link between the styles of Milton and Thomson. He has removed the gilded cloud which Pope had cast over Homer, and has retained much of the old poet's simplicity, though not enough of his fire. On the whole, his version, notwithstanding its numerous imperfections, is undoubtedly the more faithful portrait of the two.

The following extract from a letter written to his cousin, Mr. Hill, on the subject of some criticism made by Dr. Maty and others upon a specimen of his translation, is so illustrative of Cowper's feelings and character, that it cannot but be interesting to our readers.

"The frown of a critic freezes my poetical powers, and discourages me to a degree that makes me ashamed of my own weakness. Yet I presently recover my confidence again. The half of what you so kindly say in your last, would at any

time restore my spirits; and being said by you, is infallible. I am not ashamed to confess, that, having commenced an author, I am most abundantly desirous to succeed as such. I have, what perhaps you little suspect me of, in my nature, an infinite share of ambition. But with it, I have, at the same time, as you well know, an equal share of diffidence. To this combination of opposite qualities it has been owing, that, till lately, I stole through life without undertaking anything, yet always wishing to distinguish myself.

"At last I ventured—ventured too in the only path that at so late a period was yet open to me; and am determined, if God has not determined otherwise, to work my way through the obscurity that has been so long my portion, into notice."

The period that elapsed between the publication of his first volume in 1781, and that of his Homer in 1791, seems to have been by far the happiest and most brilliant part of Cowper's existence. It was not only animated by the vigorous and successful exertions of his rare genius, which had so long lain dormant, but enlivened, in a very pleasing manner, by the correspondence and society of Lady Hesketh, who, on her return to England, renewed her early intimacy with the poet.

His letters to this lady, and to the other friends with whom he corresponded, are strikingly illustrative of his simple and affectionate character, his mildness, philanthropy, and domestic temper; his pensiveness and devotion, his overstrained timidity, and his liveliness of imagination. In some there is much innocent playfulness and

vivacity, and many abound in poetical sentiments and imagery.

In a letter to Lady Hesketh, on the receipt of one from her in which she promises to visit him at Weston, a village near Olney, whither he had removed, he writes :—

"I shall see you again—I shall hear your voice—we shall take walks together; I will shew you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks; everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. * * * * * I will not let you come till the end of May, or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and spread the floor with mats, and there you shall sit with a bed of mignionette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance.

"*Imprimis*, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which I have lodged all my hares, and in which Puss" (one of his favourite hares) "lodges at present. But he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author. It was once

a dove cage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table which I also made. On the left hand, on the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I shall conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long."

In another letter, written some time afterwards to the same lady, he thus prettily describes his rural abode :—

"This house, since it has been occupied by us and our *meubles*, is as much superior to what it was when you saw it as you can imagine. The parlour is even elegant. When I say that the parlour is elegant, I do not mean to insinuate that the study is not so. It is neat, warm, and silent; and a much better study than I deserve, if I do not produce in it an incomparable translation of Homer. I think every day of those lines of Milton, and congratulate myself on having obtained, before I am quite superannuated, what he seems not to have hoped for sooner.

> 'And may at last my weary age
> Find out the peaceful hermitage!'

For if this is not a hermitage, at least it is a much better thing; and you must always understand, that, when poets talk of cottages, and hermitages, and things of that sort, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart staircase, and three bedrooms of convenient dimensions; in short, exactly such a house as this."

The following passage glows with all the ardour of mingled poetry and devotion :—

"Oh I could spend whole days and moonlight nights, in feeding upon a lovely prospect! My eyes drink the rivers as they flow. If every human being upon earth could think for one quarter of an hour, as I have done for many years, there might perhaps be many miserable men among them, but not an unawakened one could be found, from the arctic to the antarctic circle. * * * * * Viewed without a reference to their Author, what is the earth, what are the planets, what is the sun itself but a bauble? Better for a man never to have seen them, or to see them with the eyes of a brute, stupid and unconscious of what he beholds, than not to be able to say, 'The Maker of all these is my friend.'"

The next extract is a specimen of the easy and agreeable manner in which he would often pass

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

"All the sounds that nature utters are delightful, at least in this country. I should not perhaps find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing; but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass. The notes of all our birds and fowls please me without one exception. I should not indeed think of keeping a goose in a cage, that I might hang him up in the parlour for the sake of his melody; but a goose upon a common, or in a farmyard, is no bad performer. And as to insects, if the black beetle, and beetles of all hues, will keep

out of my way, I have no objection to any of the rest; on the contrary, in whatever key they sing, from the gnat's fine treble to the bass of the humble bee, I admire them all. Seriously, however, it strikes me as a very observable instance of Providential kindness to man, that such an exact accord has been contrived between his ear and the sounds with which, at least in a rural situation, it is almost every moment visited. All the world is sensible of the uncomfortable effect that certain sounds have upon the nerves, and consequently upon the spirits; and if a sinful world had been filled with such as would have curdled the blood, and made the sense of hearing a perpetual inconvenience, I do not know that we should have had a right to complain."

The strange union of melancholy and comic humour, wit and sadness, that we not unfrequently meet with in Cowper's writings, is thus in some degree accounted for by himself:—

"I wonder," he says, "that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellects, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as though a harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is lying in state. * * * * * But the mind, long wearied with the sameness of a dull, dreary prospect, will gladly fix its eyes on anything that may make a little variety, though it were but a kitten playing with her tail."

To divert himself in one of his gloomy fits, he wrote a rhyming letter to a friend, of which we quote the concluding paragraph as a specimen, for the amusement of our readers:—

"I have heard before of a room, with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you were in, you were forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in, now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned; which that you may do, ere Madam and you are quite worn out with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me,

"W. C."

But to resume his history. The translation of Homer was scarcely finished when a proposal was made to the indefatigable translator, to engage in a magnificent edition of Milton, for which he was to furnish a version of his Latin and Italian poetry, and a critical commentary upon his entire works.

In the year 1792 his kind friend Mrs. Unwin had a paralytic seizure, and the agony that this unhappy occurrence occasioned Cowper nearly unsettled his reason. Although the gradual recovery of the unfortunate patient, and the kind attention of a newly acquired friend, Mr. Hayley, who happened to be staying with him at this time. restored him in a great measure to composure, yet his spirits seem never to have recovered the shock they had sustained, and the anxiety and apprehension he constantly felt for the beloved and af-

fectionate companion of so many years, suspended his literary exertions, and aggravated the depression to which he had all his life been liable. Towards the end of this summer he paid a visit to Mr. Hayley, at Eartham, in Sussex, but returned to Weston as melancholy and low-spirited as ever.

His constant and tender attention to Mrs. Unwin was one great cause of his now neglecting everything else. "I cannot," he says, in one of his letters, "sit with the pen in my hand and my books before me while she is, in effect, in solitude, silent, and looking in the fire." Another cause was the oppressive dejection of mind that began again to overwhelm him. "It is in vain," he says, "that I have made several attempts to write since I came from Sussex; unless more comfortable days arrive than I have now the confidence to look for, there is an end of all writing with me. I have no spirits. When Rose came, I was obliged to prepare for his coming by a mighty dose of laudanum."

He seems in the course of the next year to have done little but revise his translation of Homer, of which he meditated an improved edition.

Mr. Hayley came to see him a second time at Weston. We give this affecting account of Cowper's situation, in the words of his future biographer:—

"He possessed completely at this period all the admirable faculties of his mind, and all the native tenderness of his heart; but there was something indescribable in his appearance, which led me to apprehend, that without some signal event in his favour, to reanimate his spirits, they would gra-

dually sink into hopeless dejection. The state of his aged infirm companion afforded additional ground for increasing solicitude. Her cheerful and beneficent spirit could scarcely resist her own accumulated maladies, so far as to preserve ability sufficient to watch over the tender health of him whom she had watched and guarded so long."

Soon afterwards, Lady Hesketh, moved by the most kind and generous compassion, took upon herself the charge of superintending this sad household. As Mr. Hayley truly observes, those only who have lived with the superannuated and melancholy, can properly appreciate the value of such magnanimous friendship. But, notwithstanding the care and attention he met with, poor Cowper grew worse and worse. He became utterly incapable of any exertion, either mental or bodily, and ceased to derive pleasure from the society and conversation of his friends. Neither a visit from Mr. Hayley, nor an order from the king for a pension of 300*l.* a year, as a testimony of approbation of his poetical talents, could rouse him from this languid and melancholy state into which he had fallen; and at length his friends thought it necessary to remove him from Weston, to Tuddenham in Norfolk, that he might be under the immediate superintendance of his relative, the Rev. Mr. Johnson.

The following touching lines addressed to the clergyman of his favourite village, after a long cessation of all correspondence, shew that he lamented this forced separation from all his old haunts, and that his heart still turned with affectionate remembrance and fond regret to scenes

endeared by many happy associations of bright days passed away, never more to return.

"I will forget, for a moment, that to whomsoever I may address myself, a letter from me can no otherwise be welcome, than as a curiosity. To you, sir, I address this, urged by extreme penury of employment, and the desire I feel to learn something of what is doing, and has been done at Weston—my beloved Weston!—since I left it. No situation, at least when the weather is clear and bright, can be pleasanter than what we have here, which you will easily credit when I add that it imparts something a little resembling pleasure, even to me.—Gratify me with news of Weston! * * * * * Tell me if my poor birds are living. I never see the herbs I used to give them, without a recollection of them, and sometimes am ready to gather them, forgetting that I am not at home.—Pardon this intrusion."

In the summer of 1796 there were some faint glimmerings of returning vigour, and he again applied himself for some time to a revisal of his Homer.

In December Mrs. Unwin died, but Cowper was suffering under such severe depression at the time, that even the death of his aged friend and companion could but little increase it. It is remarkable that he never afterwards mentioned her name.

At intervals he still worked at the revisal of his Homer, which was at length finished in the year 1799; and he then translated some of Gay's fables into Latin verse, and made English translations of several Greek and Latin epigrams.

This languid exercise of his once vigorous powers was continued till the month of January, 1800, when dropsical symptoms began to shew themselves, which soon became very alarming. After a very rapid, but gradual, decline, he expired without any appearance of suffering, on the 25th of April, 1800.

We cannot conclude the memoirs of this amiable and very interesting man, without remarking how large a proportion of the mental suffering he endured was caused by the dark and gloomy opinions he had most unfortunately imbibed; opinions, which must ever be as destructive to the tranquillity and peace of mind of the scrupulous and conscientious Christian, as they are contrary to the spirit and precepts of our sublime and holy religion.

Under any circumstances Cowper could not, with his peculiar physical constitution and formation of mind, have escaped occasional depression of spirits and fits of melancholy; but, had he possessed more rational and less enthusiastic views of religion, he would have learned to direct and control the restless and over-excitable imagination, which was the bane of his existence, and have avoided those groundless doubts and fears, and that gloomy despondency, by which so many years of his blameless and innocent life were embittered.

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